

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 374--Vol. XV.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

## The United States and Spanish America.

It was the example of our revolution which led the existing Spanish American republics to throw off the authority of Spain and enter on an independent existence. Their first and natural feeling was that of gratitude and affection for this country, to which they accorded the position of the natural head of the new American political system, and the friend and protector of the States which had sprung up under it. The feeling was almost filial, and our example so powerful that the minutest features of our Government and its administration were closely followed, in many cases where, from a wide difference in circumstances, they were inapplicable. But gradually, arising in part from the native jealousy of the Spanish character, in part from envy of our tranquillity and rapid development, and perhaps in some degree from dread of our growing power, our followers, friends, allies and emulators became distrustful and distant, and not indisposed to listen to the misrepresentations and abuse of Europe. And when finally they witnessed the an-

nexation of Texas and its consequent war with Mexico, followed by schemes of filibusterism in Cuba and Central America, whatever they had entertained of good feeling towards us was changed into bitterest hate. Without stopping to consider that all these aggressions and plans of aggrandisement were due to slavery and its apostles and supporters, who, through party subservency in the North, directed for the time being the policy of the country, their opprobrium was blindly visited on all Americans. No epithet in the rotund Spanish language was regarded as too vile to be applied to "los Americanos del Norte," nor was there national outrage so gross of which it was not alleged they were wholly capable. Under the pretence or belief that the American Union seriously contemplated the absorption of all the Spanish American States down to the Isthmus of Panama, and the reduction of those beyond to a position of dependency, vague plans of resistance were proposed, and fussy envoys hurried from one petty capitol to another, with crude and impossible schemes of combination against the monster of the North, or with propositions for foreign pro-

tectorates. One favorite maggot wriggled longer than any other in the half-addled brains of these busy envoys, and that was the scheme of a grand reorganization of Spanish America under the protecting power of Spain! Of course nothing came of all this spasmodic diplomacy, but how long the excited imaginations of our fervid friends would have kept up the bugbear of Northern ambition and greediness it is impossible to say, had not the election of Mr. Lincoln and the outbreak of our civil war shown them two important things: 1st--That the aggressive element in the United States was the slave power; and 2d, that it was only fear of the United States which had restrained European nations from making a general *battue* of the Spanish republics, and partitioning them out among themselves.

Since these revelations and discoveries were made, we must do our late revilers the credit to say that they have wholly altered their tone. When they saw Spain taking advantage of our troubles to extinguish, with indecent haste, the independence of Santo Domingo, and England and France combining with her for the conquest and partition of



A SUTLER'S STORE, HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA.--FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL GEARY'S PERMISSION.--SEE PAGE 166.



Mexico—when they saw this, their eyes speedily opened to the true character and designs of those excellent friends whose protection they were lately so eager to obtain. They have been rudely brought face to face with the fact, that not only their own independence, but the very existence of Republican institutions on this continent, depend on the maintenance of our national integrity, and the exemplary suppression of this rebellion.

We find, as a consequence, the Spanish-American States organizing with much more reason and a clearer purpose, against European interventions and schemes of aggrandisement. "Unions," starting in Chili, the most prosperous and intelligent of the South American States, have spread to Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Columbia, Venezuela and the Central American Republics, having for their object opposition to European influence and intervention on this continent. Sympathy with the United States, and, so far as it may be extended, aid in the re-establishment of its authority, are the natural outgrowth and attendants on organizations of this kind, and we believe that their diffusion will go far to dispel the distrust that has heretofore existed, and bring this country into a better understanding and closer relationship—a relationship just and necessary—with our Spanish sisters. The United States, from seniority, power and position, is the true head of the Republican family, and the evolution now going on will purge her of the only influence which debased that power, as in the case of Cuba and Central America. It will leave her all the more worthy of the love and confidence of Republican nations.

We are led to these remarks by the friendly and enthusiastic reception which has everywhere been extended to Dr. Mackie, an accomplished *attaché* of the State Department, who has been on an official visit to the States assigned to his bureau. He has everywhere been received with a consideration, in part no doubt due to his position and high personal qualities, but mainly to the altered sentiments of our Spanish friends towards the United States. The most significant demonstration was that of the "Union Americana," at Santiago, Chili, on the 21st of September, on the occasion of the inauguration of Dr. Mackie as member of the society. Apart from the splendor of the inauguration and of the banquet which followed it, we refer particularly to the tenor of the speeches made by the members, comprising some of the most distinguished men of Chili.

"The demonstration extended to Dr. Mackie," says *El Mercurio del Vapor*, "during his recent visit to the Capitol, had an unequivocal significance, not only as a personal tribute, but a tribute to the country to which he belongs. It demonstrated the great interest and profound sympathy entertained by Chili for her sister of the North. The same sentiments animate all the people of Spanish America. The sufferings and hard trials of the United States are our own. Its victories are here received with the same enthusiasm as at home, as triumphs of democratic institutions, of republican principles and of liberty."

The principal toast of the evening, given after an eloquent speech by Señor Peña, was—

"To the American Union—the hope of the world!"

Another was—

"Lincoln, the type of republican democracy; the most brilliant example of modern virtue and constancy; the railsplitter of yesterday, and to-day the President of the grandest nation of the world—the Republic of the United States."

Another—

"The United States and Lincoln; Mexico and Juarez."

#### Barnum's American Museum.

COLORED TROPICAL FISH swimming in the Aquaria, just obtained at a cost of over \$7,000, are a great acquisition. They are to be seen at all hours. SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

All Communications, Books for Reviews, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

#### To the Literary Public.

CONSIDERABLE SUMS have been paid to foreign authors for the right of publishing their productions in this country simultaneously with their appearance abroad. We believe that proportionate inducements will call out, in the United States, talent in all respects equal to that which is displayed in the foreign productions so eagerly caught up and reprinted here; and that in the country of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne and Holmes the field of fiction offers as wide a range and as hopeful promise as in any part of the world. In this belief, as well as to secure to our readers something truly original and indigenous, the Publisher of this paper offers

\$5,000

for the Best Original Novel, of a length to fill, as nearly as may be, 75 pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; subject and scene at the discretion of the author. To be sent in on or before the 1st of May, 1863.

\$1,000

for the Best Original Tale, to fill about 25 pages of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; subject and scene at discretion of author; to be sent in on or before the 1st of January, 1863.

N. B.—Should any of the productions sent in, not receiving a prize, be regarded as of value for publication, the Proprietor of this paper will open negotiations with their authors for their purchase. Those not accepted will be scrupulously returned to their authors, with strictest reserve.

All productions should be directed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y., and endorsed "Prize."

We respectfully request our brethren of the press, not less for the sake of American Literature and American Authors than for our own, to give publicity to the above offer.

#### Review of the Week.

THE excitement consequent, or rather which was attempted to be created on the occasion of Gen. McClellan's removal has wholly subsided. The stories of caravans of sympathizers flocking to Trenton, as to a new Mecca, to pay homage to the deposed commander, turn out to be the inventions of itinerant penny-a-liners; and the wholesale resignations in the army which, it was predicted, would leave

it bare of officers, have entirely failed of verification. *Per contra*—a small suburban newspaper has named the late commander for the vacant New Jersey Senatorship, and a small gathering of ward politicians, of the Democratic persuasion, meeting at the Pewter Mug, or in some other equally classical locality, have nominated him for the Presidency. Meantime the country endures its bereavement with singular equanimity, and the army goes on with its business as if nothing had happened. The Common Council of this city have offered to Gen. McClellan the use of the Governor's Room, in the City Hall, wherein to receive his friends, whenever he shall find it convenient to pass through the city—a courtesy to which the late commander is justly entitled.

Gen. Burnside has devoted the first week of his command to a complete reorganization of the Army of the Potomac, which has been divided into three grand divisions, named respectively the right, left and centre grand divisions. The first, consisting of the 2d and 9th corps, will be commanded by Gen. Sumner; the second, consisting of the 1st and 6th corps, will be commanded by Gen. Franklin; and the third, consisting of the 3d and 5th corps, will be commanded by Gen. Hooker. In addition to these there will be a corps of reserve, consisting of the 11th corps and such other troops as may hereafter be assigned to it, under command of Gen. Sigel. These preparations look to speedy and efficient action.

The position of the rebel army is not clearly understood, except that the main body is to the south of the Rapidan, with Gordonsville as its base of supplies, and where it is supposed, on ground of its choosing and preparation, it will await the National advance. Jackson, with a corps estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000 men, is supposed to be to the west of the Blue Ridge. By some accounts he is reported as between Winchester and Harper's Ferry; by others as moving up the south bank of the Potomac on Cumberland. The truth probably is that his force is small, and seeking by rapid and threatening movements to divert a large body of our soldiers from the front, and thus cripple our army in its next encounter with Lee. The ensuing week can scarcely fail to bring affairs to a head in Virginia, where a single decisive victory well followed up would settle the fate of the rebellion.

Gen. Foster's expedition from Newbern inland towards the line of the great Southern railway, between Weldon and Goldsboro', has returned to the coast, without having effected any important object. The town of Hamilton was taken, and the rebel fortifications there destroyed, and there was a brisk skirmish near Williamston, and also a reconnaissance towards Tarboro'. If Gen. Foster had any clear plan of operations, or had any definite object in view, it can only be said that he failed to pursue them with vigor or spirit. If only a military promenade was intended, to relieve the ennui of the soldiers and exercise their limbs, why then the movement, although barren of results, may not be regarded as altogether a failure.

The steamer *Darlington* has been on an expedition from Port Royal down the Georgia and Florida coasts, destroying the rebel salt works, and otherwise harassing the enemy. She seems to have carried a detachment of the new negro regiment, the 1st South Carolina volunteers, which in all the operations conducted itself with great gallantry, eliciting the highest encomiums from its officers. The commander of the U. S. steamer *Potomaska*, who had opportunities of observing them in action, writes:

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the admirable conduct of the negro troops (1st South Carolina volunteers), under the command of Lieut. Col. Beard, 48th New York volunteers, during this day's operation. They behaved splendidly under the warm and galling fire we were exposed to, in the two skirmishes with the enemy. I did not see a man flinch, contrary to my expectations."

The brigade recruited nearly 200 volunteers among the "contrabands" on the plantations along the coast.

The officers of the blockading squadron of the South-West report the entire coast of Texas in the occupation of the United States forces. It only remains for the arrival of reinforcements to enable them to advance into the interior and drive out the rebels in arms. That this is contemplated by the Government at an early day is evidenced from the appointment of Hon. A. J. Hamilton, who lately escaped from the rebel authority in Texas, to be Military Governor of the State.

The expedition to Donaldsville, Labadieville and Thibodeaux, under Gen. Rosecrans, under Gen. Weitzel, has been entirely successful. He entered Thibodeaux on the 28th of October, capturing 180 prisoners, four guns, and a large quantity of railway stock. Among the rebels killed was Col. McPheeters. The national loss was 16 killed and 60 wounded.

From Tennessee the news is gratifying. Gen. Rosecrans, with a portion of his force, has reached Nashville and relieved Gen. Negley, who had held it with great skill and courage against all rebel attacks. It is now safe, and will be the base of Gen. Rosecrans's operations against the enemy, who is reported to be concentrating in force at Murfreesboro'. Gen. Grant has advanced from Corinth on the rebel position at Holly Springs, but the enemy retreated on his approach. As soon as Gen. McClelland's expedition is ready, it is supposed a combined movement will be made on Vicksburg, in which Com. Porter's flotilla will take part, and which can scarcely fail in reducing that last rebel stronghold on the Mississippi.

The last rebel force in Kentucky, under Col. Woodward, was defeated and driven out of the State by Gen. Ransom, on the 6th of November.

The camp of *Iraboden's* Partisan Rangers, in Hardy county, Western Virginia, was broken up by Gen. Kelly on the 9th of November. Gen. Kelly left New Creek on the previous morning, and after a continuous march of 24 hours, a distance of about 60 miles, the rebels were surprised and routed completely, with the loss of many killed, wounded and taken prisoners. The spoils captured were considerable.

The captures of British and other steamers and vessels, in their attempts to run the blockade, are increasing in a rapid ratio. Among those just captured may be mentioned the Anglo-rebel steamer *Caroline*, loaded with arms and

ammunition, captured off Mobile; the English bark *Sophia*, off Wilmington; the British schooners *Racer*, *Pathfinder*, *Trier*, *Francis*, *Hermosa*, *Seaman*, *Dart* and *Adventurer*, besides some smaller craft.

The steamers *Vanderbilt* and *Dacotah* have been sent to cruise after the British pirate *Alabama*, which still continues her depredations off our coast. It is reported that our Government has made reclamations on the British Government for the damages inflicted by the *Alabama*, she being a British ship, with a British crew, and cleared from a rebel port. It is also stated that the British Admiral on this station has sent a number of war vessels to arrest the *Alabama*, in consequence of her destruction of property belonging to British subjects and covered by the Consular seal, on board the vessels taken by her. The capture of the pirate by our cruisers or those of Great Britain is only a question of time.

#### The Debt of the Nation.

WE believe that every person in the land will be as glad to know exactly how the National finances stand as though it was his own individual concern. That each person may know this, and that the public mind may be debased of the absurd stories that are continually being set afloat for sinister political purposes, we have from the most absolute authority and data made up this statement.

On the 1st of July, 1861, that date being about the opening active conduct of the war, the debt was then, according to the statement of Mr. Chase, \$90,867,828, of which amount \$70,000,000 had come over from the administration of Mr. Buchanan.

The next statement, which we have upon authority, was that of Mr. Dawes in the House of Representatives, on the 29th of May, 1862, that the debt then amounted to the sum of \$481,796,145. This statement shows that the debt increased during those eleven months at the average rate of \$36,650,000 per month.

The last and official statement brings the debt down to the 7th of October, 1862, and is contained in a letter from Mr. Chase to Mr. Samuel H. Walley, President of the *Revere Bank*, of Boston. At that date it is declared to be \$640,000,000, showing a lessening in its ratio of increase during the present year from May until October, or an average of \$81,900,000 per month. We believe this to be a strict account of our National liabilities, and in calling attention to it we would also refer to the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, published in December, 1861, in which he predicted the increase, and set forth in figures the facts that have since been verified. He then declared that on the 1st of July, 1862, the debt would amount to \$517,372,803, and that on the 1st of July, 1863, it would amount to \$897,373,803. At the date first mentioned the debt did amount to \$524,500,000, being only seven millions over the estimate made by Mr. Chase seven months before, showing either a happy faculty in the Secretary at guessing, or a great sagacity in calculation. If we take the ratio of increase up to the last-mentioned date at the amount it has increased up to the 7th of October of this year, we will find that the debt then will stand at \$907,000,000, about ten millions only over Mr. Chase's estimate, and about one-half of what crackers set it down for at the present date.

#### The Furlough Nuisance.

ONE of the popular notions of the day, in which we seem to share with the Chinese, is, that the issues of war are to be decided by mere numbers. It is true, Napoleon said that "Providence favored the heaviest battalions," but he meant battalions of soldiers, not mobs of undisciplined volunteers or conscripts. We hear, with constantly increasing disgust, the senseless clamor, after every reverse, of "more men," when all that is wanted to insure success is discipline among the men, and action, rising to audacity, among the officers. The truth is, our armies are undisciplined. We don't mean to say that they do not understand the goosetep, nor that they are deficient in such kind of soldierly knowledge as is acquired by drill. What we mean to say is, that desertion is looked upon as a venial offence, to be punished by discharge; that "straggling" is practised on a monstrous scale, and that, through vicious and indecent furloughing, a large and essential part of the army is constantly absent from duty. It is stated, without denial from any source, that when McClellan fought the seven days' fight before Richmond, not less than 44,000 of his men were absent on leave! At the battle of Antietam, it is also stated, fully 10,000 of his men were straggling in the rear. Up to this time but one man has been shot for desertion, although it is well known that hundreds have been guilty, if not of desertion to the enemy, of leaving the army without authority. In a word, there has not been, nor is there now, any true discipline in the army. We deceive ourselves to our ruin in assuming that our Generals comprehend what is discipline or know how to organize and enforce it. It is not numbers that we want, for 1,000 well-trained men are better than 10,000 loosely organized and poorly commanded. What we want is leadership and discipline. We have men enough in the field to crush the rebellion in 60 days under proper leadership. France found her enormous levies a mere incumbrance until she obtained leaders for them—until Carnot arose to organize and Napoleon to win victory. Our streets swarm with shoulder-straps and blue uniforms, which overflow in every town and village in the land, while the Government clamors eternally for more men, and our Generals quite as eternally find every tardy movement confronted by "superior numbers!"

Unfortunately this is not the worst feature of the wholesale furloughing that is and has been going on. The best officers and soldiers are those who, from a sense of duty or soldierly pride and propriety, remain in the field, while the sneaks and shirkers go off under furlough or without, and through family or personal influence and persistent boring of the State authorities, obtain all the promotions and rewards which properly belong to the truer men and better soldiers in the field. This exercises a bad effect on our best



men, and goes far to demoralize the army, besides exposing it to danger from elevating the least capable and least worthy men to command.

### Foreign Opinion.

THE *Paris Journal des Debats*, noticing the emancipation Proclamation of the President and its effect on the Southern Congress, says:

"Ought not this rage of the Slaveholders against the enrollment of negroes serve as a lesson to the Federals? Is it not evident that this radical measure is the gravest danger to the South, and that it is the consciousness of his danger which drives President Davis to extreme measures? Does not his savage proposition cast a sinister light on the real nature of the struggle that the South has entered on?"

The *Presse* comments on it in connection with Mr. Seward's explanatory circular which characterizes it as simply a military act, and adds that this "is not very satisfactory to those who would wish to see in it a moral act."

The *Opinion Nationale*, Prince Napoleon's organ, speaking of it and of the commotion which its publication created in Richmond, exclaims:

"What did they expect? We have all along predicted the very state of things which now exists. The slaveholders have enjoyed long enough the advantages of a great crime against humanity; they have long enough lived in a luxury purchased by the liberty and lives of millions of their fellow-men. Justice always comes at last, and her work must now be done. We should have preferred a peaceful solution of the slavery question, but the partisans of the system themselves have drawn the sword. Mr. Lincoln has hesitated long, but at last he has placed the question of the war on its true basis. Public opinion will approve the act. As for the South, if it really fears a servile war, all it has to do to prevent it is to free the slaves itself."

### British Neutrality.

MR. GLADSTONE, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his late speech, declared that the rebels had "created an army and were creating a navy." None knew better than himself the truth of the latter part of his statement, with the qualification, which he omitted, that they were creating their navy in British ports, with British capital, and the connivance of the British Government. Lord Clarendon, late British Foreign Minister, lately visited the yards where the rebel steamers were building, and, according to the penny-a-liners, "his lordship expressed himself very much pleased." The last number of *Wilmer & Smith's Times* tells us that the "steamer Pearl, lately sold to the Confederates, left the Clyde for her destination on the 17th. It is said that other sales of Clyde steamers are on the tapis." When the *Circassian* was captured, her owner or nominal owner, Pearson, Mayor of Hull and merchant of London, swore to written affidavits that the ship was bound on a lawful voyage, but by a mistake her captain flung overboard the wrong papers, and the captors seized the charter signed by Pearson himself, containing the reservation of a right to break the blockade. We should like to be informed if this is held in England good mercantile morality?

It is stated that on the breaking out of the rebellion Gen. Mitchell had just finished a work on Military Science, and was on his way to this city to publish it when the news of the attack on Sumter reached him. He at once changed his destination to Washington, tendered his services to the Government which had educated him, and prepared to put in practice what he had been speculating upon.

As a matter of record, it should be set down that on the 7th of November, 1862, before any severe frost had been experienced, and while many varieties of trees and shrubs retained the bulk of their leaves, and the grass remained as green as in summer, a severe northerly snowstorm prevailed, the snow falling to the depth of several inches, obstructing the travel in the streets and on the railroads.

THE 15th volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has just commenced, and affords to the public an opportunity of subscribing to what has become a household necessity. It combines many elements of popularity, being at once a National record and a family journal. It brings home to every one the history of the week, graphically illustrated and described. The editorials are full of earnestness, and embrace every topic of the day, considered in a National point of view. The war pictures are universally allowed to be the most truthful and interesting sketches ever published of contemporary events, and form a complete gallery of this great crisis of our history. In addition to this admirable panorama of the military events of the week, it contains romances of great interest, besides stories and incidents of great original merit, as well as all the literary, theatrical and fashionable gossip of the day. \$2 50 per annum.—*Weekly Argus, Lansing, Iowa.*

A DIRTY DEED PREVENTED.—Among the property abandoned by the rebels at Beaufort, S. C., was a considerable public library, which was very properly taken charge of by the conquerors. A few days ago the public was astonished to hear that it had been sent on to this city to be sold at auction. Thanks to Mr. Wm. H. Fry, of this city, who at once wrote to the President on the subject, and to the daily press, which raised an unanimous voice of reprobation, the sale was stopped, and the library will be returned whenever the cessation of the war will permit it to be done in safety. We are not ambitious of putting ourselves on a footing with the English, who burst the archives of the Government at Washington, destroyed the museum of Kertch, and shared with the French in sacking the palace of the Emperor of China, and in burning the records of an empire that was relatively civilized when the old Celts and Britons were painted savages.

It appears that notwithstanding the heavy captures in prisoners made by the rebels at Harper's Ferry, and Richmond and Munfordsville in Kentucky, we have captured an excess of upwards of 6,000 private and 670 officers, a balance to the National credit. We can now understand why Jeff Davis did not resort to that system of wholesale "retaliation" of which we lately heard so much.

GARIBALDI'S wound has shown unfavorable symptoms, and we are told that the only question now is as to the time and mode of amputating his foot. His general health has greatly suffered, and fears are entertained for his life.

It is reported that Victor Hugo, greatly cheered by the success of "Les Misérables," is at work on a romance to be called "93," and that he also contemplates publishing the second volume of the "Chatiments," and the "History of the 2d of December," which were begun several years ago.

As a proof of the vigilance displayed by the rebel Government to get sound works for its army, it may be stated that Col. Patten's work on Cavalry Tactics, published by Fortune, of New York, has been republished in Richmond, at \$1. The price in New York is 25 cents.

THE people of the loyal States desire and demand that this rebellion shall be crushed. They desire no half-way measures—they will tolerate no base and degrading compromise—they will never consent to any peace which involves the disruption of the Union and the overthrow of the Constitution. They demand a vigorous prosecution of the war, and the fact that they have not had it, and that they have seen no fair prospect of getting it, has bred in them a degree of discouragement and despair which has left them an easy prey to the demagogues who are always ready to profit by the calamities of their country. If the Government had given them victories—if it had even shown that just appreciation of the need of victories, and had taken the most ordinary means of exacting them at the hands of its Generals in the field, the people would have rallied as one man to its support.

A WASHINGTON letter states that the freeing of the slaves in the District of Columbia "has made little or no change in their domestic condition. Most of them still remain with their former masters and mistresses, while not a single one can be induced to leave the District."

THE operations of the rebel steamer *Alabama*, a fast sailing man-of-war, have some counterpart in those of the barque *Hestless*, a small sailing craft of our navy, commanded by Lieut. Edward Conroy. This vessel has, since the 14th of February, captured 17 prizes (English and Rebel), including the British steamers *Scotia* and *Anglia*.

THE *Richmond Southern Illustrated News* publishes the following:

#### EPICURAM ON MAJOR-GENS. McCLELLAN AND POPE.

When driven back  
From place to place,  
'Twas wise in Mac  
To change his base,  
As a last hope,  
From Duvall's Bluff  
He marched to Pope—  
And found him—base enough.

RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.—There have been 78 administration and 67 opposition members elected to the lower branch of the next Congress. The States remaining to elect, 33 members, are California, Kentucky, Maryland, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Virginia, Vermont.

A LIVE GENERAL.—Gen. Rosecrans, accompanied by his staff, arrived at Nashville, Tenn., on the 10th of Nov., having left Bowling Green, 71 miles distant, the same morning. A portion of the trip was made by rail, and the last 44 miles, from Mitchellville, on horseback.

BLUBBERING.—About the most abject specimen of penny-ailing that ever fell under our notice is the account of the *Herald's* army correspondent of the scenes and incidents of Gen. McClellan's removal from command. It is evidently written in the interest of the fallen General, and with a view to excite popular sympathy in his favor, but it only makes him ridiculous. Of course the scene below described is simply preposterous and never occurred; but supposing it had, what a subject for *Punch* and *Vanity Fair*!

"McClellan had an immediate interview with Burnside when the sorrowful intelligence was disclosed. It is difficult to decide which was the more affected—McClellan, to leave the noble men who had grown up to be intrepid soldiers under him, or Burnside, to assume the fearful responsibilities which were thus unexpectedly placed upon him. Tears coursed down McClellan's classic features, and Burnside, with his stout and heavy frame, grieved like a sorrowing child. There they sat and wept."

Of course the *Herald's* correspondent was present and witnessed the crying match! Out on such rubbish!

THE ELECTIONS.—The *Methodist*, an able religious paper of this city, correctly interprets the significance of the recent elections as follows:

"Let the members of the Government at Washington now understand that whoever has blundered, they are responsible; we have given them all they wanted, and they have returned us shameful defeats and fruitless victories; let them still carry on the war, but under our earnest protest against their slowness and vacillation. We care nothing for Presidents, cabinets or favorite generals, we want the policy and the men that will speedily end the war in the overthrow of the rebellion."

McCLELLAN'S REMOVAL.—It will not be denied by any who desire the successful prosecution of the war, that the removal of Gen. McClellan was imperatively demanded by the military necessity. It was the only alternative of disgraceful military failure, national dissolution and the degradation of the Northern section in the eyes of the world by military imbecility, and a demonstrated weakness that would subject it to the arrogance and aggressions of the Southern section, and of foreign nations. In fact, so far from Gen. McClellan's operations being any obstacle to the establishment of the rebel Confederacy, they have aided it by giving it the prestige of military success—the only thing that will establish a new nation in the eyes of foreign governments.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

OUR Consul-General at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, Germany, in a letter dated the 21st ult., writes:

"The Emancipation Proclamation gives very general satisfaction. It has increased the value of American securities held here, and likewise made us hosts of friends."

WHEN Great Britain fought Napoleon she made the Bank of England notes legal tender, and the premium on gold rose so high that gold pieces rose 30 per cent., but that did not prevent her from carrying on the war successfully.

A PUBLIC BENEFACITOR.—Among the numerous benefits which an inventor or an enterprising man bestows upon the community is the employment he gives to so many industrious men. Mr. Rickards, of 102 Nassau street, has been the means of putting hundreds of deserving men in the way of earning a respectable living. All out of employment should consult him.

### GENS. McCLELLAN AND BURNSIDE.

WE subjoin the farewell address of Gen. McClellan to the Army of the Potomac, on relinquishing his command, and also the order of Gen. Burnside on assuming his command. The documents are creditable to their respective authors:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
Camp, near Rectorstown, Va., Nov. 7, 1862.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC:  
An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Burnside the command of this army. In parting from you I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army, you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our nation's history. The glory you have achieved, our mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled, the strongest associations which can exist among men, unite us still by an indissoluble tie. We shall wear the emblems in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of our people.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,  
Major-General, U. S. A.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
November 9, 1862.

In accordance with General Order No. 182, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume the command of the Army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of this army, aided by the full and hearty co-operation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, insure its success. Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified with them in their feelings of respect and esteem for Gen. McClellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger I assume command. To the Ninth army corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing; our histories are identical. With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now intrusted to my care, I accept its control, with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail.

A. E. BURNSIDE,  
Major-General Commanding.

THE HERO OF CORINTH.—Private Orlin B. Gould, of Company G, 27th Ohio, was the hero of the battle of Corinth. The following letter to Gov. Tod, from Col. John W. Fuller, commanding the Ohio brigade, embodies a history of young Gould's resplendent conduct. We are glad to say he was not dead at last, although severely wounded. It has been announced that Gov. Tod has promoted him to a captaincy. The letter of Col. Fuller is as follows:

### THE WEEK.

POSTMASTER BLAIR has given notice that soiled postage stamps, while being used as currency, will be redeemed. — Gen. Augur (N. Y.) has been appointed Major-General of Volunteers, and transferred to Gen. Banks's command. — A number of horses were recently placed in an inclosure in Philadelphia, formerly used as the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. Not having received any forage for three days, the famished brutes commenced gnawing the lumber stored therein, and actually devoured over 1,000 feet before they could be supplied with clover and hay! What a commentary on the Government management. — Some of the Louisiana Journals are actually printed on the inside of wall paper. This is worse than Wall street paper. — Gen. Fremont will be appointed to the command of the defenses of Washington, in place of Wadsworth, who takes the field immediately, under Gen. Burnside. — Gen. McClellan, after receiving great honors from his sympathizers in Trenton, is about to visit his friends in Connecticut. — Com. Boutwell has decided that chiropractors are liable to the license tax, sec. 32. Corn dealers are therefore not exempt. — Julius Jacobs, of Syracuse, has been arrested for counterfeiting the shipplasters of three firms in that city. He contends that as the shipplasters themselves are illegal, there is no law to punish him. — The two officers who were recently arrested at Trenton owe their incarceration to being absent from the army without leave, not being personal members of Gen. McClellan's staff. — A French lady has just been awarded \$4,000 damages from Lord & Taylor, for causing her to be searched in their store on suspicion of shoplifting. — Among the Government refuse burnt (as usual) at Washington last week there were several boxes of damaged cartridges. The explosion was so violent that the windows of the armory, the hospitals and many houses in Pennsylvania avenue were shattered by the concussion. — The ex-Queen of Naples, the cat-shooter, has retired to a nunnery for a few days to fast and pray. She will then return to the world faster than ever. — A London furrier, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to one of his advertisements: "N.B.—Cares, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, out of their own skins!" — Another advertisement now going the round of the newspapers in the west of England announces the sale of "one covered drag," nearly new, constructed to carry 34 passengers and 23 horses with harness! — New discoveries are being made every day in Pompeii. The last is a splendid mansion with a marvellous mosaic pavement. It was once the residence of Publius Sertorius, a Roman consul. — A party of actors, consisting of Miss Fisher, Mrs. Bowers and a suitable assortment of comedians, start for New Orleans in a few days, to open one of the theatres there. They have offered our eminent comedian, Davidge, high terms, but he has declined. — A Mr. Stokes, of Trenton, lately sued Judge Nar, of the *True American*, for damages, for having put his marriage among the deaths. Although the editor (a lively Jew) offered to make it all right by putting Stokes's death among the marriages, the indignant Benedict would not accept the *amende honorable*. Damages six cents. — The Conservatives have a majority in the New Jersey Legislature of four in the Senate and 21 in the Assembly. — Louis Napoleon is going to stock the coasts of France with a variety of shellfish from the American shore. — It is stated that Prince de Joinville's McClellan article was thoroughly revised by Thiers. — Senators Chandler and Hale called lately on the President to thank him for having removed Gen. McClellan. Mr. Lincoln replied by telling his visitors a story, the moral of which was so pointed that they have not repeated it, whereby "Abe's last and greatest joke" has not yet been published. — Lord Lyons, on his arrival at Washington, had a long and very satisfactory interview with Mr. Seward. After which they both proceeded, arm in arm, to see the President, with whom they remained some time. — Mr. Train, after having declared, over and over again that the English are a "nation of drunkards, cowards and fools," now coolly, in a letter to Mr. Bennett, says they sympathize and side with the North. Will nobody muzzle Train? — Amanda Thompson, who murdered her husband, a colored man, from jealousy, has been found guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree. — Gen. Villipigne died at Fort Hudson, on the 7th of Nov., of pneumonia. He commanded the rebel forces at Memphis when that place was attacked. — President Lopez, of Paraguay is dead. He was the Daniel Lambert of rulers. — Queen Victoria has "returned to the stage" of public life, and presided at the Privy Council on the 1st Nov., being the first time since the death of Prince Albert. — "The lady" with whom Gen. Banks is travelling is his wife. Why will not reporters drop the sickly and sentimental highfalutin style? — The Treasurer of Westchester county is said to be a defaulter to the amount of \$127,000. — Mr. James Rowland, a wealthy jeweller, of Princeton, N. J., was murdered on the 14th Nov., near his own residence. A man has been arrested on suspicion. — It is said that the Government has been defrauded out of more than \$1,000,000 in the Custom-House department. It was managed by a collusion between the merchants and the Custom-House clerks. Several of the latter have been arrested. — Gen. C. O'K will most probably succeed Senator Thomson. He has the only qualification required, connection with the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

### NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND & Co., 547 Broadway, have published "Things that Never Die," a song composed by Albert H. Wood, as sung by Mr. W. J. Castle with great success at the Gottschalk Concerts.

SOUVENIR HEUREUX, Valse Brillante for the Piano. By CHARLES FRADEL. Dedicated to L. M. Gottschalk. Beer & Schirmer, 701 Broadway, New York.

It is rarely that we meet with a waltz at once so brilliant, so melodious and so musically, and at the same time so spirited and so full of refined sentiment. The introduction is an andante, tender in its character, with a shade of regretful feeling, half happy, half melancholy. The waltz subject is very flowing and graceful, but through all its melodious phrases the tone of sentiment indicated by its title is faithfully preserved. The piece lays well under the finger, and is by no means difficult in proportion to the effect produced. Mr. Fradel is a world-wide reputation, and his compositions, very varied in their character, are more popular, and have a larger sale in Europe than even in this country; but his residence among us will soon make him as universally known and as popular here. We commend the "Souvenir Heureux" very cordially to our readers.

BROKEN CHORDS AND ALLEGROS OF ALL THE MAJOR AND MINOR CHORDS IN THREE POSITIONS, correctly fingered by SAMUEL JACKSON. Beer & Schirmer, 701 Broadway, New York.

This work will prove of great assistance both to teachers and pupils, as it brings an important branch of the study of the piano into a compact form and in regular succession. The chords in all the major and minor keys are taken in broken form in the three positions, and then in two octave arpeggios for both hands. The passages are fully fingered. We can recommend it as a useful work.

SPRING DAWN. Mazurk Caprice. Op. 20. WILLIAM MASON. Beer & Schirmer, 701 Broadway, New York.

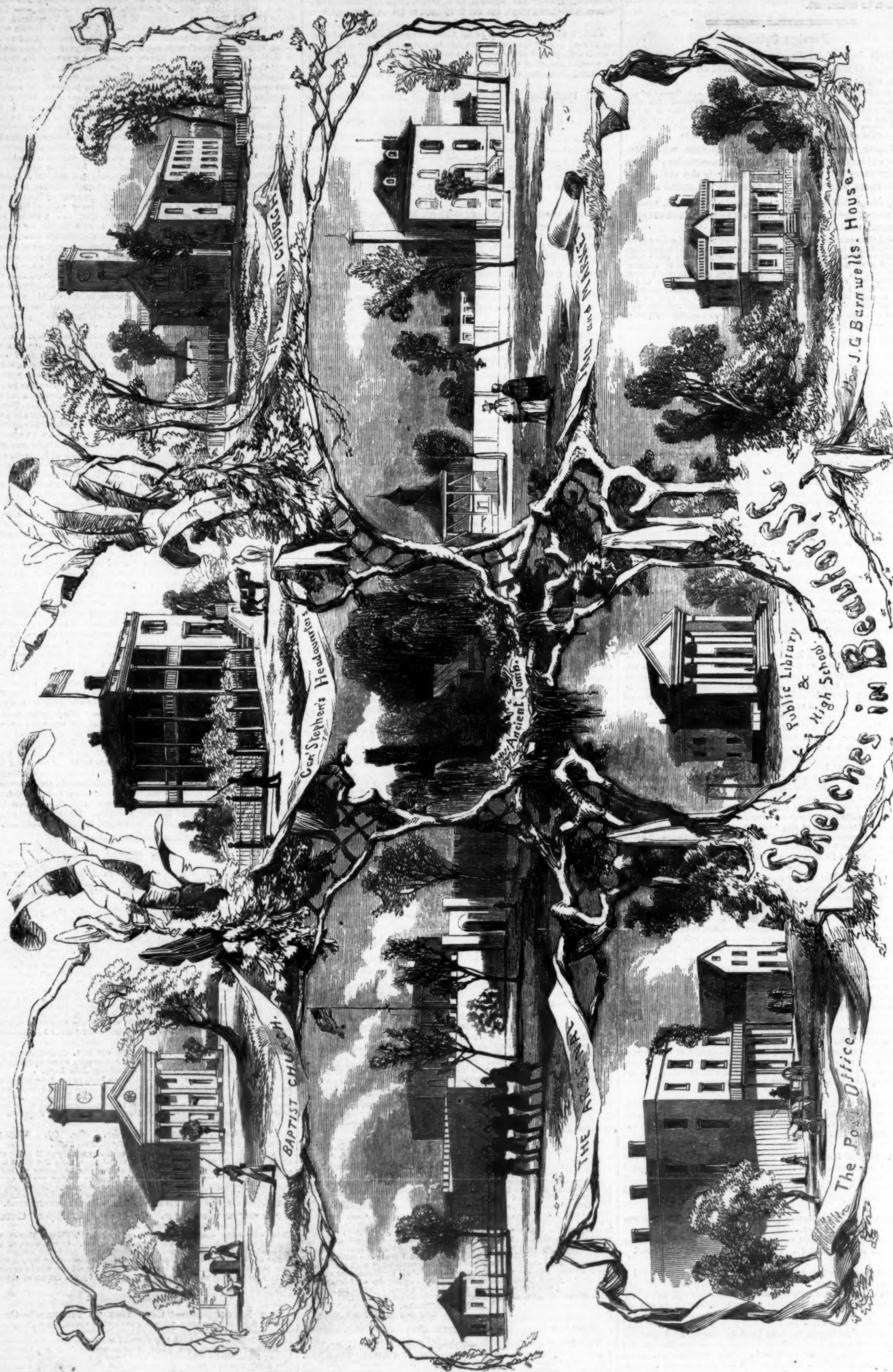
This is a lovely thought, elaborated with musicianly skill and exquisite taste. It is, we believe, one of a set of four, the other three being equally charming. The title aptly denotes the freshness of feeling which the music expresses. The sentiment is tender, genial and refined, and needs for its true interpretation fine taste and clean execution. On page 5, the G in the bass, first bar, should be marked natural, and on page 7, last bar, first line, the d's and b's should be marked natural.

BALLADE FOR THE PIANO. Op. 47 in A flat Major. CHOPIN. Beer & Schirmer, 701 Broadway, New York.

This exquisite composition was played by William Mason with marked success at the last Philharmonic concert. It is a work of such acknowledged beauty and excellence, that to praise it is but a mere echo of the world's judgment. This new edition, just issued by Beer & Schirmer, is got out in admirable style, as indeed are all the works produced by this house, and will be eagerly sought for by the lovers of classical music.

FOR RECOGNITION.—"GIVE THIS TO MOTHER."—On the bloody field of Manassas, with a gasp and a moan, were these words whispered from the white lips of an heroic soldier as he drew from his bosom a locket, and passed the revered memento into the hands of a comrade near. These loving lips never moved again to tell his name or home; instantly he fell back dead, and a noble spirit passed into a world free from care and pain. He was of the 10th New York Volunteers, National Zouaves. Safe from death, although disabled, the brave soldier, named Ferguson, who received this trust, has returned to his home, and fulfils the sacred legacy as best he may. The litho picture hangs in the window of No. 945 Broadway, under the above inscription.





SKETCHES IN BEAUFORT AND ITS VICINITY, SOUTH CAROLINA. - BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.





HON. W. G. COLE, MAYOR OF FREDERICK CITY, MD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

#### HON. W. G. COLE, MAYOR OF FREDERICK CITY.

This firm Unionist was born in Berlin, Adams county, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of June, 1815, where he resided till 1822, when his parents removed to York, in the same State, where his father still lives. Having served a regular apprenticeship in York to the hatter's trade, he went to Frederick City in 1835, in search of employment. After working as journeyman and foreman for two years he commenced business on his own account, which he continued with great success for 12 years, rising gradually in the respect of his fellow-townsmen. In 1851 he acted as Clerk in the office of the Circuit Court for Frederick county, and earned for himself the

port, where he remained until September, when he returned to his home in this city.

The Rev. Dr. Berrian was deeply respected for his personal and religious character. It may be said with emphasis that his walk before his parochial charge was blameless. He devoted himself exclusively to the work of the ministry, and few ministers of the Gospel have led a more practical and useful life, or left behind a purer record.

He died on Friday, November 7, very suddenly—supposed to be from disease of the heart. The funeral service was performed on Monday, November 10, in the church he had preached in for over half a century. The pallbearers were Rev. John McVickar, D. D., Rev. Samuel Seabury, Rev. Jos. H. Price, Rev. Wm. K. Umlenberg, Rev. Samuel R. Johnson, Rev. Thos. Taylor, Rev. Evan M. Johnson and Rev. L. Jones.

After the singing of the anthem, "Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days," the lesson from 1 Cor. xv. 20 was read by the Rev. Dr. Higbee. The Right Rev. Bishop Potter then officiated in committing the body to the earth, when the concluding prayers were read by the Rev. Dr. Vinton. The Rev. Morgan Dix, the Rev. Dr. Hobart, the Rev. Dr. Weston, the Rev. Dr. Ogilby and the Rev. Mr. Young also officiated in the services.

At the conclusion of the services the remains were removed to the hearse, and conveyed to St. Mark's Church, Stuyvesant Place, where they were deposited in the family vault.

**A BARGAIN WITH THE DEVIL.**—A curious old time record is in existence in the courts of Hartford county. Before the court, in September, 1708, were brought David Foster, Benjamin Adkins, Thomas and Joseph Boorn, all of the town of Middletown, to answer for that they "on Wednesday, the 14th day of April last past, in a field, near George Hubbard's, in Middletown aforesaid, did mutually, prophanely and presumptuously agree among themselves, that one of them should be given to the devil, upon condition that he would stub a certain piece of ground for them that they were then at work upon, and did also then determine by lot who of them it should be, and likewise did call upon the devil to come and do the said work and take his wages." Foster was discharged. The others were held to bail, but finally discharged. Since that time, no objection has been made to selling one's self to the devil in the Connecticut Valley.

THE editor of an Atlanta paper advises us, in view of the coming of John Morgan, to "cut stick and run." When John sees us cutting a stick, he will probably run himself.



REV. DR. BERRIAN, LATE RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.



APPEARANCE OF MR. SEABROOK'S HOUSE IN MONACA STREET, AFTER THE FIRE. REAR WALL OF HECKER'S BAKERY IN CHERRY STREET, NOV. 19.

reputation of an accommodating and efficient officer. In the spring of 1859 Mr. Cole was unanimously nominated as the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Frederick City, and although opposed by one of the most popular men in the ranks of the other party, with a fierceness never before witnessed in any previous contest for Mayor, he was elected by a very large majority over his opponent. When the present rebellion broke out, and every effort was made to drag Maryland into the perdition of Secession, Mr. Cole stood firm, and battled stoutly for the Union, despite the threats of the rebels around him. Such was the high opinion the Unionists had of his courage, steadiness and ability, that he was renominated by them as their candidate for the Mayoralty, a position of more than usual importance, in view of the momentous crisis. Although this was apparent to the rebels, they feared to dispute the post with a man so popular as Mr. Cole, and the result was that he walked over the course, and was elected a second time to fill the honorable position of Chief Magistrate of the noble and loyal city of Frederick.

Although Mr. Cole is one of the staunchest of Union men, his humanity placed him far above all partisan feeling, and among the hospitals he made no difference between rebel or loyalist. His compassion, unwearied attention and philanthropy have made his name a household word in thousands of families, for spontaneous kindness to their suffering relatives.

#### REV. WM. BERRIAN, THE LATE RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

This eminent preacher and good man was born in New York, in 1785, and received a clerical education at Columbia College. He became Rector of Trinity Church in 1811, where he preached his semi-centennial sermon in 1860, taking the text of "I am old and gray-headed, and I have walked before you from my childhood to this day." In that sermon he remarked that he was baptized in Trinity Parish confirmed in St. George's Chapel, ordained a Deacon in St. John's Chapel, and preached his first sermon in St. Paul's. With the exception of a very short period, Trinity Parish has been the field of his ministerial labors. In the course of his ministry he united in marriage more than 1,000 couples, baptized 2,300 infants and adults, and attended about 2,500 funerals. He preached his last sermon about four months ago. Last summer, being warned by the symptoms of disease to retire from the active duties of the ministry, he visited New-

#### Our Grocer's Story.

OURS was a quiet street at most times—a lazy, shady place, where the green blinds were for ever closed, and where there was so little passing that spears of grass grew here and there between the flagstones, and the stone curbs of the iron-railed areas were fringed with soft green moss. A very quiet place at most times, but late upon one autumn afternoon a strange cry sounded through it which awakened all its echoes, and called curious faces to the doors and windows.

"Stop thief! stop thief!"

The strong voice of a policeman uttered the cry at first, and the shrill treble of two boys, at play near by, took it up and repeated it, and by-and-bye there was a full, deep chorus, like the cry of a pack of hounds—a sound you might have known at any distance, however ignorant you were of the language, to be the cry of men who hunted something.

Policemen with their clubs, errand-boys with bundles, bakers with baskets on their arms, young gentlemen just released from the academy close at hand, and ragged urchins, whose school-house was the gutter, all joined together in the hot pursuit and followed the miserable object with bare, begrimed feet and hatless head, which flitted along before them with a speed which only fear could lend to one so worn and wretched—a speed which kept the crowd a long way off, and made the burliest of his pursuers pant for breath.

They were out of sight in a moment, but in a little while a cry was heard that the thief had baffled them, and some amongst the crowd rushed back to see if their prey had doubled on his track; and others, sulky and indignant with the result of their useless chase, came back muttering angrily or swearing, with many violent oaths, that they would have him yet. One policeman, a well-fed fellow, with a crimson face, made quite a hero of himself by asserting that he knew the fellow, and would trap him before sundown. There was a good deal of sympathy expressed for the gentleman who had lost his pocket-handkerchief, but none that I could hear for the poor, degraded



The delinquent Policeman arrested by the Grocer.



wretch who had pilfered it, until a placid voice at my elbow uttered the following words, apparently in soliloquy:

"Well, I may be wrong, but I somehow hope they won't catch him."

I turned in surprise, and confronted our grocer, on whose steps I had sought shelter from the crowd, which, at such a moment, could not be expected to think much of the safety of a woman.

Our grocer was a portly man, with a shining bald head, fringed by a ring of white hair, like the tonsure of a Roman Catholic priest, and wearing at the moment a Holland apron and a short blue jacket.

"Yes, 'm," he went on, "I really hope the miserable, starved-looking creature will get off."

"Then you don't believe he picked the gentleman's pocket?" said I.

"I'm afraid it's only too certain that he did, ma'am," said the old man, shaking his head. "He looked straight at me as he passed, and he had hungry, desperate eyes, that looked like theft, and murder, too, for that matter."

"Yet you wish him to escape, when he has broken the laws of the land, and will probably do so again."

"God forbid that I should help to break the laws," said the old grocer. "Good men made them, and they are right; but there are other laws that I read in my old Bible Sunday nights, that seem to be as binding. One of them is—Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you; and another, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' When I remember these words, I think that you may be too hard with a poor, sinful fellow-being, and not go beyond the limits of the law either."

"That rich gentleman who had his pocket picked will go home to a fine dinner and a bottle of wine, no doubt, and the wretch of a thief may have a crust of bread and a glass of burning gin, if he can sell or pawn what he stole for enough to get them with. Somehow, if I could, I wouldn't have him hunted down to-night—I vow I wouldn't."

"Still, I don't blame those young fellows; I'd have been as furious in the chase as any of 'em years ago; but I learnt a lesson once that I never have forgotten, and hope I never may. I was a young man and a poor one then, and had a hard struggle to make my little shop keep my little family. It was only by pinching and saving and keeping a sharp lookout for every bargain that I managed at all."

"We lived in a shabby street, and had only very poor customers. A loaf of bread, a quarter of butter and two ounces of black tea was quite an order, and most of those who came wanted trust."

"As for laying in fine fruit or vegetables I never thought of such a folly. Diamonds would have been as saleable in that part of the city, where washerwomen and the poorest laboring men were the aristocracy."

"Now and then when a foreign ship came to port with a load of ruined pineapples or decayed oranges, I bought a lot of those, and charging next to nothing, sold them easily enough. Although I own my wife used to say the miserable babies who rolled about the gutters died off faster after every stock of damaged foreign fruit I sold in the old shop, and I'm afraid that she was right. Well, as I told you, I struggled along as best I might, and after a while things began to improve, and I began to have visions of a clean store in a good street when I laid down to rest at night."

"So one day when I had been to market I brought home half a dozen hams and hung them up about the door, more for show than anything else, for ham was a grand holiday dinner in those regions, and not an everyday affair, I can tell you. They went off slowly, as I thought they would. Now and then some one would come in for a pound, and once I sold half of the smallest to a woman who wanted it for her Sunday dinner. She was to pay me on Monday morning, but she never did, for on Sunday night her husband killed her with a rum bottle, and they took her body past my shop with its poor head all beaten out of shape and bloody."

"And so the hams hung there through the summer and through the fall, and quite on into the winter."

"It was just as the December nights began to grow long and dark and cold that I noticed a new policeman on our beat—a young, handsome-looking fellow, with very bright eyes, but with such thin cheeks and hands, although he seemed to be powerfully built and made for rather a stout man, that I could not help watching him, and wondering whether he had been ill or not. The first time that I noticed him was about sunset, and he passed and repassed my window a dozen times, looking all the while straight at those hams, which dangled from the frame of the awning. 'I hope he means to buy one,' I said to my wife, as we sat together over the tea-table; and I shouldn't wonder if he did, for he seems to have taken quite a fancy to them."

"But the evening passed, and though I saw him every now and then on the other side of the way, looking across with his bright eyes straight at the hams, he did not come in or speak to me upon the subject. And so I made up my mind that he would send for it in the morning, and somehow made so sure of it that whenever I saw a decent-looking young woman go by with a basket on her arm, I said, 'That's the policeman's wife coming after the ham.' I was mistaken, however; and after the street lamps were lighted that night I began to see the man again pacing up and down, up and down, up and down, with his eyes still fixed as they had been the previous night upon the hams. Once he caught me peeping at him, and then he turned so red and looked at me with such a wolfish glitter in his eyes, that I grew angry and said to myself, 'It's well that keeping unsaleable articles isn't a crime in this country, for if it was I should expect to be arrested.' So I gave him back his look, turned on my heel and walked back into the shop. I did not see him again that night; but long after everything had been taken in and locked up, and I was snug in bed, I heard a tramp, tramp, tramp upon the pavement, and knew it was the new policeman, and that he was looking at the hooks where the hams had hung, as well as though I had seen him."

"On the third evening he was there again; that, you may say, was no wonder, for it was his duty to be upon that beat and no other, but it was curious that he should keep on staring at those hams with those bright wolfish eyes of his. I didn't like it, though I could not have said why. A vessel had been wrecked at sea about that time, and an extra, with the latest news of the disaster, came out that evening. I bought a paper and sat down behind the counter to read it. It was a stormy night, and but few customers came in, and those were easily served, and somehow, between reading and thinking, time passed on, until the clock struck eleven, and I had not yet taken in my goods or put up my shutters."

"Just as I was about to do so (in fact I had already put my hand upon the first piece of the shutter), my door opened and an old woman came in. She was a sallow, miserable creature, known about the place as Irish Kate, and with her red nose and bleared eyes and bloated limbs, was as ugly a figure as any one ever cast eyes on. 'Another dram, I suppose,' I said to myself, going behind the bar at once, for I wanted to get rid of her as soon as possible. But she, to my surprise, came close up to me and put her great red paw upon my arm."

"'I've made a discovery, mister,' she said. 'You've not been keeping as bright a look-out as ye should; there's been a thief at work without this blessed night!'

"What thief?" I asked.

"More than I can tell ye," she answered. "But I think it's a policeman, no less, the blackguard."

"A policeman!" I cried, and my thoughts flew at once to the man I had seen staring at my hams.

"It's too dark to see his face," she said; "but I caught the shine of a star on the coat he has on, and whoever it was took a ham from your pegs and hid it in the ashbox beyond at the corner. Ye'll find it there, if ye look; and now ye'll not refuse an old woman a sup o' whiskey for the information?"

"I gave the old creature what she wanted, hurried her out of the shop and put up the shutters, growing angrier every moment."

"If it is the policeman, I'll make him pay dearly for it," I muttered, as I slunk along the sidewalk to the corner, keeping in the shadow all the way, and when I stood beside the box and saw by the light of the lamp close by that the ham was there, wrapped in something which looked like a handkerchief, I bit my lips and clenched my hands with rage. Had it been a common thief I should not so much have minded; but a policeman! it was more than I could stand. So I crouched myself in a doorway and waited. The watch were relieved at 12 o'clock; I knew that, and knew also that this would be the time when my policeman would come to take the ham out of its hiding-place. And sure enough, when the time came I heard him challenge the man who was to take his place, and come marching down toward the corner. I let him get the ham well under his arm before I stirred, but then I pounced upon him like a tiger."

"I've got you!" I cried. "A pretty policeman you are indeed, but you shall suffer for it; you shall suffer for it, I can tell you."

"He struggled with me for a moment, like a wild thing; and then all of a sudden dropped the ham and fell down in a helpless sort of heap upon the ground."

"I'm a ruined man," he groaned, "a ruined man! there's no hope for me now. Oh, my God! my wife—my poor little wife!" and he burst out crying, like a woman."

"The sight softened me, but I was angry still."

"You should have thought of that before you became a thief," I said. "If the guardian of a man's property is not to be trusted, what is to become of him? And you look like a gentleman—you do not seem like a scoundrel; how have you ever stooped to do such a disgraceful thing as this?"

"He was standing beside me now, and the lamplight fell upon his face. It was white as any corpse's, and his eyes glittered terribly."

"I'll tell you what made me do it," he said; "it was the only thing which could have driven me to an act like that; my wife and child are starving—starving, I tell you, and I had nothing for them!"

"Policemen's families do not often starve," I said, with a sneer.

"My God! can't you believe me—won't you believe me?" panted the man. "I have only been appointed three days; I have not received a cent of salary yet. I have been ill a long while, and had neither money nor credit. Last night we went to bed superfluous; to-day there has not been a crust in the house, and those hams tempted me so. You can never know how awfully they tempted me, and I meant to pay you afterwards."

"He covered his face with his hands, and I could see great tears dripping through his fingers, and before I knew it my own cheeks were moist, and so we stood silent, with the ham lying between us on the ground."

"At last he turned toward me and said, 'Do what you like with me. The last hope is gone.'"

"But I put my hand on his arm and said, 'God forbid that I should take that last hope from you, that I, of all men, should be the one to ruin you. If your story is true—and I believe it is—I pity you more than I blame you.'"

"He looked at me in a sort of bewildered way, as though he scarcely understood me, and I took him by the arm and led him back toward the shop. There I filled a basket with bread and butter and coffee, and put the ham on top of all. 'Take it home to your wife,' I said, 'and you'll pay me when you get your salary, and if you are in need before that time come to me. I'm a poor man myself and I can feel for other poor men.'"

"I shall never forget that man's face in all my life, so wondering, so thankful and so awe-stricken. All he said was, 'God bless you,' but there was a whole sermon in those three words, and I slept better for them."

"On Christmas night he paid me every cent, and from that day until I left the neighborhood dealt with me regularly. But times grew so much better that I took a store in a good street at the other end of the town, and one way and another saw no more of my policeman for three good years."

"One night, just such a cold bright night as that on which I first saw him staring at the hams, I was awakened long after midnight by a cry of fire. I started up to see the flames through the floor, and to know the store down stairs was all ablaze. The stairs were on fire also, and when as I opened the entry door the hot air and smoke rushed in and almost smothered me, I gave up all hope of getting my poor wife and our helpless little ones out of that burning building alive and safe. Help came to us, however, and though in clambering down the ladder I slipped and broke my arm, I was thankful when I saw, as I thought, that all were safe. I was so faint and ill from the accident, you see, that I hadn't all my wits about me, and believed that there was no one missing. My blood ran cold when my wife, clasping her hands, with an awful look upon her face, screamed:

"Our little Lucy, our little Lucy is left behind."

"She had slept with our hired girl since her baby-brother was born, and the woman in her fright had forgotten the little one. There she was at the top of that burning building, out of the reach of any human help; it seemed to me as I looked up at the walls, a great red and yellow sheet of flame, with blue gleams here and there as though devilish heads were peeping out and grinning at us. Still, hopeless as it was, I should have gone back into the burning house and saved my baby or died with her if I had been able to stand. No one else would venture. It would be a foolish sacrifice of life they said, for no doubt the child was already smothered by the smoke; and though I raved and pleaded and made wild promises, they shook their heads and only bade me have patience."

"Patience! I thought that I was going mad as the face of my little girl, my sweet pretty pet, rose up before me. But just then a tall man dashed through the crowd and came towards me."

"Quick!" he shouted, "which room is the child in—speak quickly—which room?"

"The back one on the upper floor," I groaned, and he dashed away from me, parting the throng with his strong arms, and in another moment I saw him mounting the ladder. I heard them calling him to come back, bidding him beware, and speaking of him as though he were dead already. But he never heeded them, and as I saw him hidden by the black smoke which poured from the window, I covered my face and prayed that the angels who walked in the fiery furnace might go with him."

"Perhaps they did. Something stronger than any earthly thing must have been there, for in a few minutes—they seemed years to me then—we saw him coming down the ladder with something in his arms. 'The burnt body of my child, perhaps,' I thought, but as he came closer I saw that it was my own laughing, living darling, with her blue eyes open and her little arms about his neck."

"The roof fell in the next moment, but my treasure was safe and that was all I cared for."

"What shall I say or do to thank you," I said, as I grasped his hand. "I'm a ruined man and I can only give you my blessing; but let me know your name at least."

"Have you forgotten me? don't you remember me?" he said, as he bent over me. "Look again."

"I did, and I saw a pair of bright gray eyes, a face I knew, and something glittering on his breast. And the scene at the corner of the dirty little street on a wet December night came back to me, and I saw my policeman one more."

"It is you," I said, "and you have saved my child from such an awful death."

"And what did you save me and mine from?" he said, with tears in his eyes. "Starvation, ruin, utter degradation. I should have been a felon, and my dear ones paupers this night, but for you. I have not paid the debt; I never can; but when I heard that it was your child who lay at the top of that burning building, I prayed that I might save it, and I know God heard me."

"And then he told me what had brought him to the neighborhood on that night of all others in the year."

"I had lost all, for I was not insured, but he was prosperous and stood by me like a brother; nursed me through my illness, and loaned me money for a new start in life. So that in a little while things grew bright again, and here I am, you see, as comfortable as most people."

"And the policeman?" I asked.

"His hair is as white as my own now," said the old man. "And my daughter, the little one he saved that night, is married to his son."

M. K. D.

#### WHAT THE WORLD ABROAD SAYS.

**A BUSINESS JOKE.**—An odd instance of business has just transpired at Prague. A dealer in hops one day entered the counting-room of a large merchant, who asked him how his business was progressing. His answer was:

"I am doing so little that I am almost inclined to enter your service as clerk."

"How much salary will you take?" was the merchant's question. "2,000 florins a year," said the other laughing.

The merchant then shook hands with him, saying, "Done! it is a bargain."

After this they parted, and neither appeared to think any more of the matter. Six days after the merchant went to Sax, the great hops market of Bohemia, a great rise having occurred in that article. When he got there he found that the dealer had got the start of him, and had bought all in the market. Meeting him in the street the merchant asked him what hops he had bought, and the price.

"That is my affair," was the answer.

"What do you mean by your affair? You forget that you are my clerk, and that I have a right to know what business you are doing, as it must be on my account. You are free to cancel your engagement for the future, if you please, but for the present you act for me."

The hops dealer went to a lawyer, and the advice was to settle it. After a long discussion the hops dealer was released on paying 5,000 florins (\$200), and so was allowed to keep his profits to himself. The merchant on receiving the money distributed it among the poor.

**A BRILLIANT CURTAIN.**—At the Surrey theatre, London they have been reviving an old American idea that exploded with the Park theatre, 30 years ago. They have got up a looking-glass curtain covering 1,000 square feet. When it was tried at the Park, in those "palmy days" of which we have heard so much, it was rejected in a few nights, in consequence of the horrible distortions it presented of the racial charms of the audience.

**MISS CUSHMAN AND THE POLICE.**—This lady having occasion lately to leave her residence in Rome for a few weeks, entrusted her horses and carriage to her coachman, in whom she reposed confidence. On her return she was amazed to find the man in prison, and on inquiring his crime, to learn that he was a conspirator against the Government. The evidence showed that he was found in possession of two small microscopic photographs of Garibaldi, and a receipt for one paul (five cents) subscription to the Cavour monument. It required all the efforts of our Consul, Mr. Severon, to have this terrible traitor enlarged after an imprisonment of ten days. This is really as bad as the Stanton regime.

**BARRY, THE ST. BERNARD.**—This most famous of dogs is dead and stuffed. Barry was as well known upon the mountains of St. Bernard as the monastery itself. The records of his deeds show that he has saved the lives of forty persons. He was sent off upon his daily and nightly errand with a warm garment strapped upon his back, and the never-failing cask about his neck, and his intelligence taught him when he found a traveller overcome, to arouse him by licking his hands and face, and if this failed, to hasten back to the monastery at his high-est speed, and return with help. One day Barry was seen returning with a boy clinging to his back. He had found the lad frozen upon the glacier of Blacoe, and had licked him into life so that the boy was enabled to drink from the cask, and to get upon the dog's back, and so was saved. After a long life of usefulness, Barry was pensioned off in a comfortable home at the foot of the mountains, where he expired full of years and honor, and his skin has been stuffed, and now stands in the Museum at Berne, with his collar and bottle on, as an example to dogs and men for all future time.

**THE FUTURE QUEEN.**—One who is posted in the matter writes from Denmark of the Princess Alexandra who is to become the wife of the Prince of Wales, and consequently next Queen of England. The princess is one of six children—three sons and three daughters—of Christian, Crown Prince of Denmark, and who will, upon the death of the present king, ascend the Danish throne. He is the son of the King, Frederick VII., who is childless, but has had the succession fixed upon him by the Great Powers. The mother of the future queen is a daughter of Prince William of Hesse, and the mother of Prince William was a sister of George III. of England, while the sister of Prince William was the mother of the present Duke of Cambridge. This tracing shows, therefore, that the Prince of Wales and his future wife are cousins somewhat removed. Among the moves upon the royal board for the future is one intimately connected with this marriage which gives it significance. The oldest brother of the Princess Alexandra is the Prince Frederick, and the only child of the King of Sweden is a princess now twelve years of age. She is not heir to the throne, as it can only descend in the male line, but a marriage is projected between the prince and princess, and a change of succession, by which the Kingdoms of Sweden, Denmark and Norway shall be united. There is a young Sea-Idun party who are agitating well to this end, and look forward to this British alliance as a powerful move in their favor.

The young Danish princess and future Queen of England seems to find general favor. She is reported pretty and amiable, and would grace any position, let alone that of a queen, where the whole world will stand as critics.

**A WARNING TO PLAGIARISTS** is noticed in the German journals. Two authors in Prussia, convicted of having sold as original a play which was merely a copy of one existing already, have been sentenced to two months imprisonment and a fine of £15 each.

**THE response made to Mr. Dion Boucicault's appeal** for new theatres in London is not only prompt but ample. Already money enough has been offered for the erection of half a dozen. In a few weeks a scheme in relation to the project will be made public.

**A REPORT on the condition and restoration of Pompey's Pillar** has been adopted by the Institut Egyptien in Paris. It was drawn up by a commission, who, by personal examination and consideration of all the circumstances, have arrived at such conclusions as will, when carried into effect, tend to preserve the monument for ages yet to come. They describe the necessity for repairs as "urgent," and recommend that the holes underneath the plinth be regularly built up with cemented masonry; that the pedestal be then injected with liquid cement until every cavity shall be filled, and the needful solidity obtained. This recommendation is accompanied by a suggestion as to the way in which the injection shall be accomplished.

**JOHN MORGAN AND THE MONK.**—When the guerilla chief made his late raid into Kentucky, he called at the Trappist monastery, at Gethsemane, and ordered the Abbot to surrender his horses for the use of the chivalry. Accordingly one of the brothers led out before the indignant chief two miserable jades, which looked as if they had fasted more than their masters. Morgan turned away in disgust, and inquired of the Abbot if he had no other horses. The Abbot replied in the negative. "But," said Morgan, "I know that you had some fine horses a short time ago." "Oh, so I had," said the kind father, "but I heard you were coming, and I sold them." Morgan laughed and left the monastery.

We may call upon God to save the Union, but God calls upon us to save it.

The telegraph heralds the approach of Gen. Canby, late in command in New Mexico. Give him troops as good as Canby, and we shall anticipate glorious results.



## KING DIRT.

A recent official report asserts that more persons die from dirt and want than from natural decay, and that no paralyzing poverty, that families remain in the same ill-ventilated room till one by one they are all carried to the grave.

"Drink from the dark and stagnant pool,  
With festering weeds begirt,  
A deep, black draught to the lazy rule  
Of Poverty's king—KING DIRT.  
Tho' I stoop my head, and trail the skirt  
Of my robe in the miry way,  
All know that the ragged and old King Dirt  
Hath a potent, unchallenged sway.  
I laugh to see  
How all devoted my people be,  
Groveling low in the gutter to me!"

There's a low-roomed house in a ruinous street,  
Where filth and penury lovingly meet;  
And the cob-webbed roof, and the rotting wall,  
And the rag stified casement, dark and small,  
Are unheeded there, while the creaking door  
Tells 'tis the home of the wretchedly poor.

A grief-stricken widow there works for her bread—  
Working on—working on far in the night;  
Her daughter breathes hollowly lying a-bed,  
And the wasting clay  
Lets the spirit play  
Over her face with a flickering light—  
Her boy had been killed in the last great fight—  
What did she care for her darling's pay?  
'Twas the price of his blood, and 'twould blast her sight!

The work is done! and down by the bed  
The mother kneels by her silent child;  
But vainly she speaks, for her time is sped—  
No answer there comes to her outcry wild!  
For there is no life in these cold glazed eyes,  
They are closed upon earth to look on the skies.

They call it a fever,  
Putrid or low;  
But that doctors lie ever  
All of us know—  
'Tis want, and toil, and sorrow that gnaws  
The wearied heart—that's the cause! the cause!

These are the slayers that ever begirt  
The friendless poor—that No Man's Daughter—  
Terrible truth! that even slaughter  
Is better than want, for it is shorter;  
Then down with Death's ghastly slave, King Dirt!

And the widow haggard and worn to the bone,  
With clasped hands and despairing moan,  
Knowing the poison that lurks in the room,  
Still doggedly stays till she meets her doom—  
It comes when she dreams she is far away,  
And the morning breaks on her haggard clay!

## NEWS, SCRAPS AND ITEMS.

A SINGULAR affair recently took place at one of our fashionable hotels. A youthful couple, apparently man and wife, who had excited some attention by their appearance, affection, etc., were discovered to be two larking married women on a frolic. One had assumed the dress of a gentleman, and, as far as possible, the attributes of one, including cigars, champagne, etc., etc.

In the mails of Great Britain are carried on an average 1,907 letters for every 1,000 inhabitants, whilst France has only 609; Prussia, 609; Holland, 492; and little Switzerland, 1,630.

In commercial navigation Great Britain has increased in 10 years 83.3 per cent., France 88.5, Spain 113, Austria 180 and Holland 180.1. Thus Great Britain's is the slightest increase of all, in comparative increase of "tonnage of imports and exports," while with regard to the number of vessels, her increase in 10 years has only been 30.5 per cent., that of France has been 39.6, of Austria 31.9, of Holland 34.0, of Germany 122.3, and of Denmark 307. To protect her commerce, Great Britain has a naval force of 24 guns for every 1,000 tons of merchant shipping, Italy has 37.2 guns for every 1,000 tons, Greece 45, Portugal 39.7, Sweden and Norway 27.6, France 22.32.

The British Consul in Charleston reports to his Government the following statistics relative to the cotton crop:

	Bales.
Remainder of crop of 1860.....	750,000
Undestroyed crop of 1861.....	1,750,000
Crop of 1862 (not yet picked).....	1,500,000
Shipped through the blockade.....	4,000,000
Remaining in the South.....	50,000
Remaining in the South.....	3,950,000.

THE President has issued an order requiring a proper observance of the Sabbath in the army and navy. All labor is to be reduced to that which is absolutely necessary.

THE Trenton Gazette denies the story that there is an unusual number of visitors arrived in that city to pay their respects to Gen. McClellan. It says: "A number of gentlemen from different parts of the State, as well as from other States, have called upon him, but the absurd report of crowds rushing here from all directions are entirely unfounded."

THE total valuation of real and personal property in New York State is \$1,477,897,792. The State tax is four mills and three-fourths, producing \$7,020,014 12.

THE number of sick soldiers in Washington and vicinity, October 16, was 34,449, of whom 15,500 were convalescents, at the Convalescent Camp, Alexandria.

THE whole amount of salt inspected at Onondaga for the year, till the 8th of November, is 7,000,463 bushels—an increase over last year of 1,245,349 bushels.

SINCE the beginning of the war New York has raised an aggregate force of 219,000 men, of which 188,000 are infantry, 9,679 artillery, 4,642 cavalry, 835 engineers, 163 rocket battalion, and 10,800 recruits raised and being organized in the State.

## PERSONAL.

COL. HAWKINS, who has been twice under arrest for doubting Gen. McClellan's Napoleonism, is now acting as Major-General under Burnside, retaining as part of the division his old regiment. Col. Hawkins is a strict disciplinarian; when an officer wants too many furloughs he compels him to resign, and he converts fussy little captains into quartermasters.

ELIAS HOWE, Jr., whose income is a quarter of a million a year, carries the mail daily from Washington, seven miles, to the camp of the 17th Connecticut regiment, in which he is a private.

IN compliance with the judgment of the Military Commission on the Harper's Ferry surrender, Col. Thomas H. Ford of the 2d Ohio, and Major Wm. H. Baly of the 120th New York have been formally discharged from the service.

GEN. FITZJOHN PORTER has been ordered to Washington,

to answer charges preferred against him by Gen. Pope, when he was in command in Virginia.

BARON OSTEN-SACKEN, nephew of the distinguished General of that name, and himself well known in the world of science and natural history, and lately Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, has been appointed Consul-General of Russia, in this city.

GEN. JOHN A. GARFIELD, recently elected to Congress from the Ashland district, will accompany Gen. Hunter to South Carolina.

GEN. JEFFERSON C. DAVIS has been assigned to a highly responsible command under Gen. Rosecrans.

JAMES MADISON PORTER, Secretary of War under President Tyler, died November 11, at Easton, Pennsylvania, aged 69. He was the son of Gen. Andrew Porter, of the Revolutionary War, and was born in 1798.

LIEUT.-COLS. A. P. COLBURN and J. C. DUANE, members of Gen. McClellan's staff, have been arrested and sent to Washington. No explanation is given of the cause of the arrest, but insubordinate language is probably at the bottom of it.

THE Rev. Morgan Dix, a son of Maj.-Gen. Dix, has been chosen Rector of Trinity Church, in the city of New York, vice Rev. Dr. Berrian, deceased.

ARCHIBALD BABCOCK, Esq., late of Charlestown, Mass., donates by his will \$5,000 to the town of Ashford, Conn. \$3,000 is for the purpose of organizing or employing a band of music to play on public occasions, free to all the inhabitants of the town. The remainder constitutes a fund for a town library, the interest to be applied yearly, for 15 years, for the purchase of books only.

HON. A. J. HAMILTON has been appointed Military Governor of Texas, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and authority to raise two brigades of loyal Texans.

GEN. BENJ. M. PRENTISS, who was recently released from captivity by the rebels, has again been taken prisoner. His captor is now Mrs. Gen. Prentiss, née Mary W. Whitney.

## WEEKLY GOSSIP—MUSIC, DRAMA, ETC.

MADAME GUERRABELLA has appeared since our last as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," in which character she made a decided success. Our judgment of her acquirements has been fully sustained in every particular, and she bids fair to realize our prediction in becoming popular with the public. Her natural advantages can hardly be over-estimated. She is beautiful in form and feature, possesses a charming voice, has an education of rare excellence, and is an accomplished and spirited actress. With such a combination of natural and acquired advantages, it would be singular indeed if she failed to achieve the favor of the public.

We have the pleasure to record the complete success of Madame Whiting Lorini, whose debut in Norma last week was a literal surprise to all who witnessed it. When she left New York for Italy some years ago, her voice was a mere thread compared to its present volume and largeness, and in every other quality she was as a child compared to the matured woman. She was then a student, she is now an artist of indisputable greatness, and able to assert her position with the foremost singers of the age. No American singer ever became so thoroughly Italian in style, no other ever so completely mastered the mysteries of Italian education and art-abandon. We have not space to analyze her performance in detail; we can only say that from the beginning to the end it was a complete success.

Mlle. Morand, also an American, whom we remember as a beautiful young girl, has likewise made a legitimate success. She has a contralto voice of great beauty and excellent cultivation, and sings with earnestness and passion. We have never had an Adalgisa comparable with hers. Her progress has been most rapid, and she has before her a future rich in results.

The chorus has greatly improved since the opening night, and may now be termed good and effective. The orchestra, too, has come into the traces, and obeys the skilful hand of its conductor, Muzio. Mr. Grau is carrying on his management with spirit and judgment, and cannot fail to meet with a pecuniary success. We had no idea, however, until we saw "Norma" at the Academy of Music, that the ancient Druids worshipped in Assyrian temples, or, in fact, that Assyrian temples were located permanently in the British Isles at the period of the Roman invasion. Such must, however, have been the case, for if there is one thing more than another to be specially admired in the scenery of the Academy, it is its correctness geographically, historically and architecturally.

The concert of the little Myers Sisters at Irving Hall was crowded, and yielded, we trust, a fair pecuniary success. They are children of very versatile talent, and their entertainments are of the most amusing and interesting character. We understand that they will give several entertainments during the season at Irving Hall.

Mozart's beautiful opera, "Il Flauto Magico," was produced last week at the German Opera House, and attracted crowded and delighted audiences. It was got up with infinite care, showing that each department had been carefully rehearsed. The ensemble was entirely satisfactory, and the principal artists were worthy of all praise for the careful and spirited rendering of their several roles. Beethoven's "Fidelio" is the feature of the present week, and we anticipate much pleasure from its performance. We know no place where two hours can be spent more pleasantly than at the German Opera.

The lovely child-pianist, Teresa Carreño, gives her first concert on Tuesday next, Nov. 25th, assisted by some of our best artists. We have spoken so warmly and so admiringly of this child-wonder, that we need now only say to our readers go and hear her and see her, for she is all that we have claimed her to be.

There has been but little change in the principal theatres since our last. The revival of the piece called "Central Park" which was originally produced at the old theatre, has been a great hit at Wallack's theatre, having attracted crowded audiences for several nights. The piece is finely put upon the stage, and is acted with great spirit. It will be repeated this week alternately with the standard comedies.

As Laura Keane's, "Rachel the Reaper," and "No Rest for the Wicked" have been great attractions for the past week, and will fill up the time until the production of the new fairy piece "Blondette," upon which great time and expense have been expended. "Blondette" is promised for Monday next.

The Ravens have crowded Niblo's to overflowing since their return, and this being their farewell week, a great rush may be expected.

Mr. Forrest is meeting with great success in Brooklyn. It is a race between him and Miss Matilda Heron, and it is hard to tell which attracts the largest audiences. Next week these great artists return to Niblo's, when the excitement of the past few weeks will be renewed.

Miss Matilda Heron will produce her new play founded on the beautiful novel, "East Lynne." It is said that the author has made a powerful and striking character just suited to the original genius of Miss Heron.

Barnum is entertaining, with his usual princely liberality, a distinguished Esquimaux family, and the famous Commodore Nutt; and these celebrated people, as a slight return for his kindness, visit his Museum daily and converse with the thousands of visitors who crowd that remarkable place. They are, indeed, well worth seeing, and so are the beautiful tropical fish, the happy family, the great snakes and the other wonders too numerous to mention. Barnum designs opening his fine Museum in Boston with choice dramatic and musical performances. There is no doubt that he will make it a distinguished success.

## OBITUARY.

MAJOR GEORGE FRANK LEMON, of the 32d New York regiment (1st California), died at Burkittsville, Maryland, on the 10th of November, from the effects of wounds received in the battle of South Mountain. Col. Matheson, the Colonel of the regiment, was wounded early in the fight, and the command devolved upon Major Lemon, who, at the head of the regiment, charged up the mountain with a portion of Gen. Sigoum's division, and took a rebel battery that had been decimating the Union ranks below. Major Lemon fell as the rebels fled, having been shot through the left thigh, breaking the bone, which has resulted fatally.

DEATH OF HANNIBAL HAMLIN.—Mr. Hamlin, President of the National Freedmen's Relief Association of Washington, D. C., died in that city on Friday evening last, the 14th of November. For several months he has devoted much time to the benevolent work of the Association over which he was President, and his recent assiduous labors at Fort Monroe in behalf of the emancipated blacks at that post brought on the illness which resulted in his death. He was a cousin of the Vice-President, and during the last year had been a clerk in the Treasury Department.

A SINGULAR CARGO.—A cargo of salt was entered at the Boston Custom House on the 16th of October, which was somewhat remarkable from showing a strange financial fact. The original cargo cost at Trapani, where it was shipped, \$750. On arriving at Boston it was appraised for duty and paid at the rate of 16 cents per 100 lbs., making \$3,000 in all. To obtain this \$3,000 in gold to pay the duty, a premium of \$840 was paid, or \$90 more than the original cargo cost, making duty and premium amount to five times the cost of the cargo.

## NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

GEN. BURNSIDE has divided the army of the Potomac into three grand divisions.

1st. Gen. Sumner has the 2d and 5th corps, called the right division.

2d. Gen. Franklin has the 1st and 6th corps d'armée, called the left grand division.

3d. Gen. Hooker has the 3d and 5th corps, called the centre grand division.

The 11th corps d'armée, with such other troops as may be assigned to it, are under Sigel, and constitute the reserve force.

DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE.—An official order just published assigns Major-General Grant to the command of the military department of Tennessee. This department includes Cairo, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, Northern Mississippi, and the portions of Kentucky and Tennessee west of the Tennessee river. Gen. Grant has divided his department into four districts, as follows: 1. The district of Corinth, commanded by Major-General Rosecrans. 2. The district of Jackson, commanded by Major-General Ord. 3. The district of Memphis, commanded by Major-General Sherman. 4. The district of Columbus, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Quimby. Gen. Grant has fixed his headquarters for the present at Jackson.

## THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

THE news from the Old World is not specially interesting. The three ruling powers of Europe—England, France and Russia—having agreed on the same policy with regard to Greece, prevents the revelation there from leading to graver events. A fresh revolutionary plot had been discovered in Warsaw—such are the terms on which tyrants rule! Fifty thousand dollars had been raised in Lublin for the starving operatives of Lancashire. Earl Curiale has publicly endorsed neutrality on the American question. Seventeen surgeons had held a consultation on the state of Garibaldi's wound—they are unable to decide whether the ball remains in it or not. Amputation is contemplated. He will probably be surgically murdered by those crowned ruffians—Victor Emanuel and Louis Napoleon. A collision had occurred between some Austrian and Sardinian soldiers, but it was of small importance, and had been explained. John Bright applauds the so-called emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. The dollops of the pirate Alabama are commented on by the London press. The Times acquits England of all blame in the matter, while the News severely censures the Government for permitting the rebels to fit her out under the very eye of the authorities. Earl Russell shelters himself under the precedent afforded by this country in building vessels of war for Russia when that power was at war with France and England. The Chinese authorities having stopped the shipment of tea until the increased transit duty was paid, an English gunboat was sent to Tan-Kan, which seized all the Mandarins, their war junks and the Chinese Custom House officials, and releasing all the tea detained.

The International Exhibition has closed. On the last shilling day the crowds were immense. The total number of visitors since it opened is above six millions.

## THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

HOWELL COBB and his brigade are ordered to reinforce Beauregard at Charleston. The Richmond correspondent of the Gretna Express says that Lee is on his way to Richmond, to go to winter quarters with his army. He draws a frightful picture of the condition of the rebel capital, asserting that it is given over to gangs of rowdies who murder and pillage with impunity.

The Charleston papers, while they consider the recent elections, especially that of New York, as a great encouragement to them, warn the South from putting any faith in their pacific intentions. The Courier says:

"If we permit them to impose upon us again with their false professions, the Yankees will do us infinitely greater injury after the war has terminated than they can do us while the conflict is going on."

Flour is \$25 a barrel, paper money—\$10, gold.

## GENS. McCLELLAN AND BUELL.

AMONG the comments which the tardy removal of Gens. McClellan and Buell has called out from the press, there are none evincing a clearer appreciation of the characters of these men, and none which furnishes a better analysis of them, than the following paragraphs from the Independent:

"It is one of the extraordinary events of the times, that two Generals, to whose hands chiefly the campaign year was committed, were by nature and sympathy fitted to command under a Administration where irreconcilable honesty took counsel of indolent hopefulness."

"Gen. McClellan has secured for himself a place in history. But it will be by his accidental association with great events, rather than by any important influence which he has had in producing them. He is a man of large perceptive and moderate reflective intellect. He is without genius or even moderate intuition. He digs out his conclusions as laboriously as ore is dug from mines. He received a thorough military education. And whatever could be accomplished by studiousness and untiring industry no man could better accomplish than he. But he sees nothing and knows nothing till it is reduced to the level of his practical reason. Especially, he lacked sense and intuition of human forces. The wise use of physical matter makes an engineer. The wise use of men makes the General. McClellan is only an engineer."

"But such a man was competent to great results had right dispositions and sagacious political faith come to his help. But he was possessed by an imperative caution that worked sometimes toward irresolution and sometimes toward obstinacy, but never toward daring enterprise."

"His anxiety to be fully prepared was morbid. He was never yet ready. There was always something yet to be done before he deemed it wise to venture. He heaped up preparations. He had never enough men; never enough arms, or clothing, or munitions. The war cloud East drabbed toward his camp. And when, more than any General that ever commanded on this continent, he had at his command every resource of the nation, he was still unready. At length, when patience was worn out, and the President, the Cabinet and the whole country clamored for activity, he felt the possible dangers before him even more than all the pressures of Government and country behind him, and demanded more men and more means; complaining that he was hampered and thwarted."

"A log of wood lying upon the spring grass is mightier, by its dead pressure against the hidden roots, than all the laws of growth. And so a respectable engineer, but inert General, lay upon the army like a spell of death, or of motionless enchantment. The same fate which came to the army a McClellan on the east of the Alleghenies, raised up a Buell on the west. It is difficult to say which excelled in practical torpidity, Buell or McClellan. Whichever figure one contemplates it seems impossible that another should excel him in laborious uselessness. Both were insatiable in their demands, and both wasted immense resources without any important advantage. If there is anything yet to be exhibited of military insufficiency, some new man must be imagined, created expressly for it; for every conceivable part of insatiable demand and miserly retention of forces and means has been exhausted by the great Oriental *Fis Inertia* and the Occidental *Fis Inertia*."

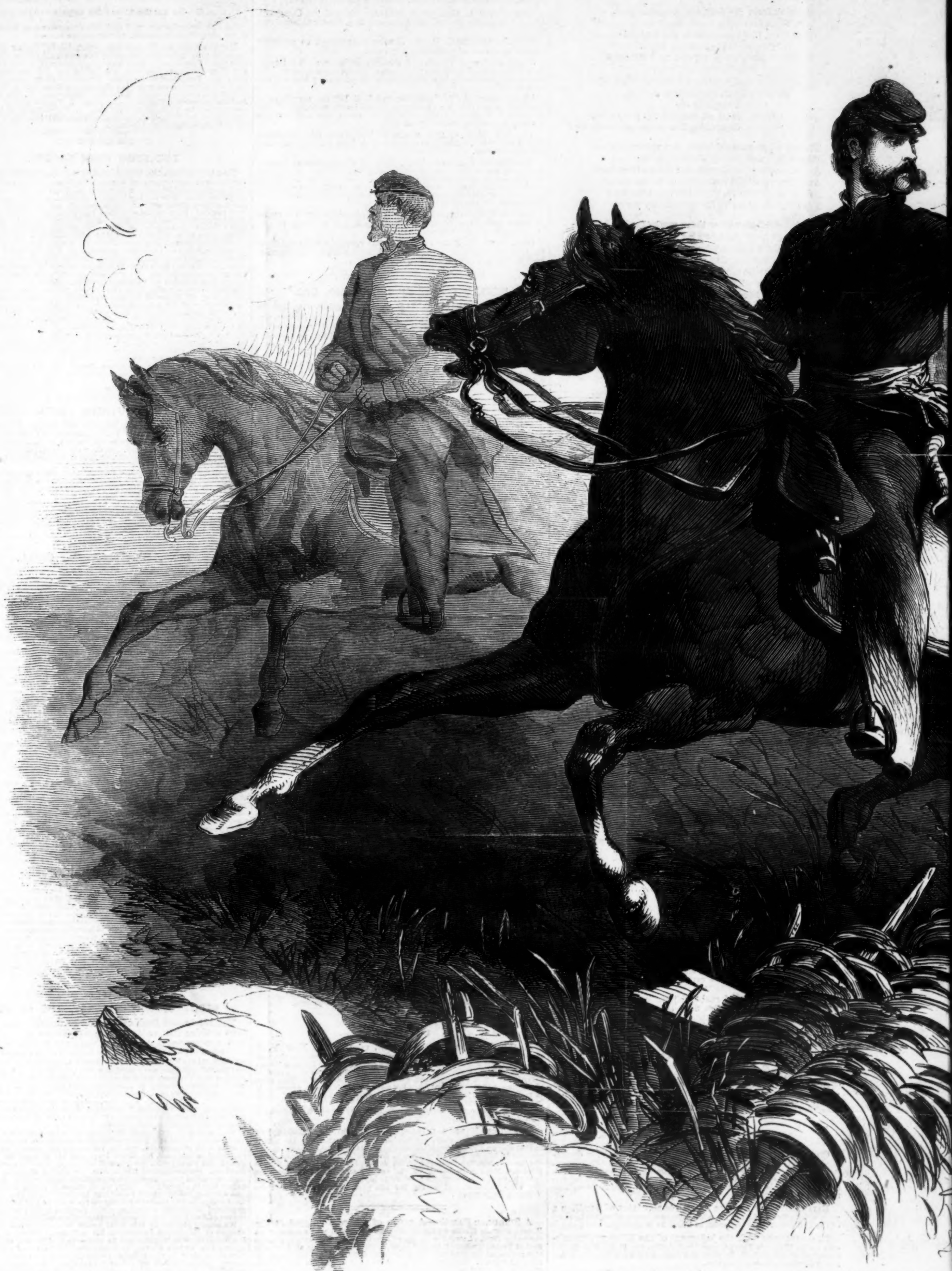
## DEBUT OF MASON JONES, THE ORATOR.

THE celebrated Irish orator, Mason Jones, spoke on Garibaldi, at Irving Hall, on Monday evening, the 17th, the occasion being his first appearance in America. It was a wretched night—it had been a wretched day—but in spite of the weather quite a large audience assembled to hear him. His first few words of greeting to the people he met for the first time were cordially received by the audience, and the speaker and listeners were at once upon friendly terms. Mr. Mason Jones is prepossessing in appearance, and has a pleasant and telling voice; his delivery is entirely unembarrassed, and his words flow like water from a ceaseless spring. He treats his subject in a colloquial style and in somewhat a discursive manner, and this is probably the art of his method, contrasting as it does with the fiery rush of his narratives and the impassioned fervor of his bursts of eloquence.

Mr. Jones is an enthusiast, but his analytical powers are of that high order which forbid him taking a one-sided view of the subject; he views it from both standpoints, and his influences are always logical. His judgment is matured, his views large and his sympathies broad and genial, and wholly with the free and with those who are struggling for freedom. Hence Garibaldi is to him the Perfect Man, the one pure, true, unselfish heart among the populations of the world. And thus he paints him in glowing language, which seems to spring from the heart, and which gains additional force from the fact that he knows Garibaldi intimately, having shared with him all the dangers and hardships of his great and triumphant campaign, which resulted in the overthrow of the tyrant of Sicily and the enfranchisement of ten millions of people.

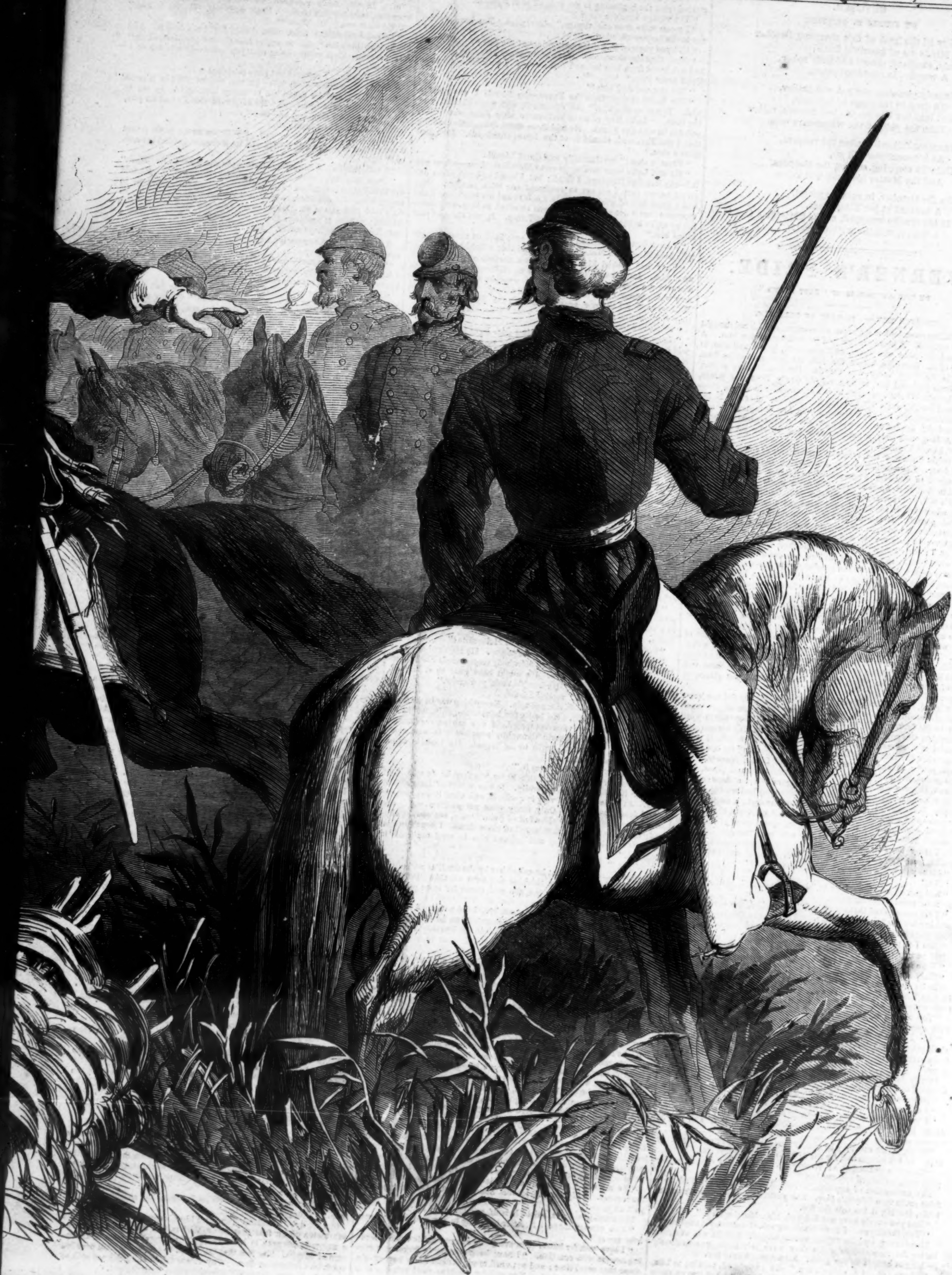
We cannot pretend in this brief notice to describe the effect of the oratory of Mr. Mason Jones upon his audience. We can only say that it affected them to laughter and to tears—to indignation and to enthusiasm; that he was constantly interrupted by bursts of applause, and that at the close he was called out amid cheering, hat-waving and other hearty demonstrations of public approbation. Mr. Mason Jones has achieved a most unqualified success, which we are gratified to say he fully merits.





MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE ASSUMING COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC





MAC, ISSUING ORDERS TO HIS STAFF.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## OCTOBER.

BY JENNIE H. GRIFFITH.

How all the hush of this charming October  
Minds me of beautiful Ruth;  
July, exultant, grown suddenly sober,  
A woman, in tenderest youth.

Eagerly gleanings, she yet will gather,  
To drop in the rings of her hair,  
And into her bosom, the last flowers, rather  
Than the gold of the wheat-ears rare.

Innocent following after the reapers,  
As innocent she will go,  
Daintily stepping, among the sleepers,  
And the Master his lamb will know.

So the October, in russet apparel,  
A peasant at her King's feet,  
In his ermine wrapped, at the Christmas Carols  
A Queen, will the winter greet.

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNN."

## CHAPTER XIV.—A MOMENT OF DELIRIUM.

THE dining-room looked a picture of comfort, and Lionel thought so as he entered. A blaze of light and warmth burst upon him. A wellspread tea-table was there, with cold meat, game and else, at one end of it. Standing before the fire, her young, slender form habited in its black robes, was Sibylla. No one, looking at her, would have believed her to be a widow; partly from her youth, partly that she did not wear the widow's dress. Her head was uncovered, and her fair curls fell, shading her brilliant cheeks. It has been mentioned that her chief beauty lay in her complexion; seen by candlelight, flushed as she was now, she was inexpressibly beautiful. A dangerous hour, a perilous situation for the yet unhealed heart of Lionel Verner.

The bright flush was the result of excitement, of some degree of inward fever. Let us allow that it was a trying time for her. She had arrived to find Mrs. Verner dead, her father absent: she had arrived to find that no provision had been made for her by Mr. Verner's will, as the widow of Frederick Massingbird. Frederick's having succeeded to the inheritance debared her even of the five hundred pounds. It is true there would be the rents, received for the short time it had been his. There was no doubt that Sibylla, throughout the long voyage, had cherished the prospect of finding a home at Verner's Pride. If her husband had lived it would have been wholly hers; she appeared still to possess a right in it; and she never gave a thought to the possibility that her aunt would not welcome her to it. Whether she cast a reflection to Lionel Verner in the matter she best knew; had she reflected properly, she might have surmised that Lionel would be living at it, its master. But the voyage ended, the home gained—what did she find? That Mrs. Verner was no longer at Verner's Pride, to press the kiss of welcome upon her lips; a few feet of earth was all her home now.

It was a terrible disappointment. There could be no doubt of that. And another disappointment was to find Dr. West away. Sibylla's sisters had been at times over strict with her, much as they loved her, and the vision of returning to her old home, to them, was one of bitterness. So bitter, in fact, that she would not glance at its possibility.

Fatigued, low-spirited, feverishly perplexed, Sibylla did not know what she could do. She was not in a state that night to give much care to the future. All she hoped was to stay in that haven until something else could be arranged for her. Let us give her her due. Somewhat careless, naturally, of the punctilios of life, it never occurred to her that it might not be the precise thing for her to remain, young as she was, the sole guest of Lionel Verner. Her voyage out, her residence in that very unconventional place, Melbourne, the waves and storms which had gone over her there in more ways than one, the voyage back again alone, all had tended to give Sibylla Massingbird an independence of thought; a contempt for the rules and regulations, the little points of etiquette obtaining in civilized society. She really thought no more harm of staying at Verner's Pride with Lionel than she would have thought it had old Mr. Verner been its master. The eyelashes, resting on her hot cheeks, were wet, as she turned round when Lionel entered.

"Have you taken anything, Mrs. Massingbird?"  
"No."  
"But you should have done so," he remonstrated, his tone one of the most considerate kindness.

"I did not observe that tea waited," she replied, the covered table catching her eye for the first time. "I have been thinking."

He placed a chair for her before the teatray, and she sat down.

"Am I to preside?" she asked.

"If you will. If you are not too tired."

"Who makes tea for you in general?" she continued.

"They send it in, made."

Sibylla busied herself with the tea in a languid sort of manner. In vain Lionel pressed her to eat. She could touch nothing. She took a piece of rolled bread-and-butter, but left it.

"You must have dined on the road, Mrs. Massingbird," he said with a smile.

"I? I have not taken anything all day. I kept thinking 'I shall get to Verner's Pride in time for my aunt's dinner.' But the train arrived later than I anticipated, and when I got here she was gone."

Sibylla bent her head, as if playing with her teaspoon. Lionel detected the dropping tears.

"Did you wonder where I was going just now when I went out?"

"I did not know you had been out," replied Sibylla.

"I went to your sisters. I thought it would be better for them to come here. Unfortunately, I found them gone out, and young Cheese says they will not be home until two in the morning."

"Why, where can they be gone?" cried Sibylla, aroused to interest. It was so unusual for the Miss Wests to be out late.

"To some gathering at Heartburg. Cheese was eating apple-puffs with unlimited satisfaction."

The connection of apple-puffs with Master Cheese called up a faint smile into Sibylla's face. She pushed her chair away from the table, turning it towards the fire.

"But you surely have not finished, Mrs. Massingbird?"

"Yes, thank you. I have drunk my tea. I cannot eat anything."

Lionel rang, and the things were removed. Sibylla was standing before the mantelpiece when they were left alone, unconsciously looking at herself in the glass. Lionel stood near her.

"I have not got a widow's cap," she exclaimed, turning to him, the thought appearing suddenly to strike her. "I had two or three curious things made, that they called willows' caps in Melbourne, but they were spoilt in the voyage."

"You have seen some trouble since you went out," Lionel observed.

"Yes, I have. It was an ill-starred voyage. It has been ill-starred from the beginning to the end, all of it together."

"The voyage has, you mean?"

"I mean more than the voyage," she replied. But her tone did not invite further question.

"Did you succeed in getting particulars of the fate of John?"

"No. Captain Cannonby promised to make inquiries, but we had not heard from him before I came away. I wish we could have found Luke Roy."

"Did you not find him?"

"We heard of him from the Eyres—the friends I was staying with. It was so singular," she continued, with some animation in her tone. "Luke Roy came to Melbourne after John was killed, and fell in with the Eyres. He told them about John, little thinking that I and Frederick should meet the Eyres afterwards. John died from a shot."

"From a shot!" involuntarily exclaimed Lionel.

"He and Luke were coming down to Melbourne from—where was it?—the Bendigo Diggings, I think; but I heard so much of the different names that I am apt to confound one with another. John had a great deal of gold on him, in a belt round his waist, and Luke supposes that it got known. John was attacked as they were sleeping by night in the open air, beaten and shot. It was the shot that killed him."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Lionel, his eyes fixed on vacancy, mentally beholding John Massingbird. "And they robbed him?"

"They had robbed him of all. Not a particle of gold was left upon him. Luke came on afterwards to Melbourne, and tried to discover the men, but he could not. It was this striving at discovery which brought him in contact with Mr. Eyre. After we reached Melbourne, and I became acquainted with the Eyres, they did all they could to find out Luke, but they were unsuccessful."

"What had become of him?"

"They could not think. The last time Mr. Eyre saw him, Luke said he thought he had obtained a clue to the men who killed John. He promised to go back the following day and tell Mr. Eyre more about it. But he did not. And they never saw him afterwards. Mrs. Eyre used to say to me that she sincerely trusted no harm had come to Luke."

"Harm, in what way?" asked Lionel.

"She thought—but she would say that it was a foolish thought—if Luke should have found the men and been sufficiently imprudent to allow them to know that he recognized them, they might have worked him some ill—perhaps killed him."

Sibylla spoke the last words in a low tone. She was standing very still, her hands lightly resting before her, one upon another. How Lionel's heart was beating as he gazed on her, he alone knew. She was once again the Sibylla of past days. He forgot that she was the widow of another; that she had left him for that other of her own free will. All his past resentment faded in that moment—nothing was present to him but his love, and Sibylla with her fascinating beauty.

"You are thinner than when you left home," he remarked.

"I grew thin with vexation, with grief. He ought not to have taken me."

The concluding sentence was spoken in a strangely resentful tone. It surprised Lionel.

"Who ought not to have taken you?—taken you where?" he asked, really not understanding her.

"He—Frederick Massingbird. He might have known what a place that Melbourne was. It is not fit for a lady. We had lodgings in a wooden house, near a spot that had used to be called Canvas Town. The place was crowded with people."

"But surely there are decent hotels at Melbourne?"

"All I know is, he did not take me to one. He inquired at one or two, but they were full; and then somebody recommended him to get a lodging. It was not right. He might have gone to it himself, but he had me with him. He lost his desk, you know."

"I heard that he did," replied Lionel.

"And I suppose that frightened him. Everything was in the desk; money, letters of credit. He had a few banknotes, only, left in his pocketbook. It never was recovered. I owe my passage-money home, and I believe Captain Cannonby supplied him with some funds, which, of course, ought to be repaid. He took to drink brandy," she continued.

"I am much surprised to hear it."

"Some fever came on. I don't know whether he caught it, or whether it came to him naturally. It was a sort of intermittent fever. At times he was very low with it, and then it was that he would drink the brandy. Only fancy what my position was!" she added, her face and voice alike full of pain. "He, not always himself; and I, out there in that wretched place alone. I went down on my knees to him one day and begged him to send me back to England."

"Sibylla!"

He was unconscious that he called her by the familiar name. He was wishing he could have shielded her from all this. Painful as the retrospect might be to her, the recital was far more painful to him.

"After that we met Captain Cannonby. I did not much like him, but he was kind to us. He got us to change to an hotel, made them find room for us, and then introduced me to the Eyres. Afterwards he and Fred started from Melbourne, and I went to stay at the Eyres."

Lionel did not interrupt her. She had made a pause, her eyes fixed on the fire.

"A day or two, and Captain Cannonby came back and said that my husband was dead. I was not very much surprised. I thought he would not live when he left me—he had death written in his face. And so, I am alone in the world."

She raised her large blue eyes, swimming in tears, to Lionel. It completely disarmed him. He forgot all his prudence, all his caution; he forgot things that it was incumbent upon him to remember; and, like many another has done before him, older and wiser than Lionel Verner, he suffered a moment's impassioned impulse to fix the destiny of a life.

"Not alone from henceforth, Sibylla," he murmured, bending towards her in agitation, his lips apart, his breath coming fast and loud, his cheeks scarlet. "Let me be your protector. I love you more fondly than I have ever done."

She was entirely unprepared for the avowal. It may be, that she did not know what to make of it—how to understand it. She stepped back, her eyes strained on him inquiringly, her face turning to palor. Lionel threw his arms round her, drew her to him, and sheltered her on his breast, as if he would ward off ill from her for ever.

"Be my wife," he fondly cried, his voice trembling with its own tenderness. "My darling, let this home be yours! Nothing shall part us more."

She burst into tears, raised herself, and looked at him.

"You cannot mean it! After behaving to you as I did, can you love me still?"

"I love you far better than ever," he answered, his voice becoming hoarse with emotion. "I have been striving to forget you ever since that cruel time; and not until to-night did I know how utterly futile has been the strife. You will let me love you! you will help me to blot out its remembrance!"

She drew a long deep sigh, like one who is relieved from some wearing pain, and laid her head down again as he had placed it.

"I can love you better than I loved him," she breathed.

"Sibylla, why did you leave me? Why did you marry him?"

"Oh, Lionel, don't reproach me!—don't reproach me!" she answered, bursting into tears. "Papa made me. He did, indeed."

"He made you! Dr. West?"

"I liked Frederick a little. Yes, I did; I will not deny it. And oh, how he loved me! All the while, Lionel, that you hovered near me—never speaking, never saying that you loved—he told me of it incessantly."

"Stay, Sibylla. You could not have mistaken me."

"True. Yours was silent love; his was urgent. When it came to the decision, and he asked me to marry him, and to go out to Australia, then papa interfered. He suspected that I cared for you, that you cared for me; and he—he—"

Sibylla stopped and hesitated.

"Must I tell you all?" she asked. "Will you never, never repeat it to papa, or reproach him? Will you let it remain a secret between us?"

"I will, Sibylla. I will never speak upon the point to Dr. West."

"Papa said that I must choose Frederick Massingbird. He told me that Verner's Pride was left to Frederick, and he ordered me to marry him. He did not say how he knew it—how he heard it; he only said that it was so. He affirmed that you were cut off with nothing, or next to nothing; that you would not be able to take a wife for years—perhaps never. And I weakly yielded."

A strangely stern expression had darkened Lionel's face. Sibylla saw it, and wrung her hands.

"Oh, don't blame me!—don't blame me more than you can help! I know how weak, how wrong it was; but you cannot tell how entirely obedient we have always been to papa."

"Dr. West became accidentally acquainted with the fact that the property was left away from me," returned Lionel, in a scorn he could not entirely suppress. "He made good use, it seems, of his knowledge."

"Do not blame me!" she reiterated. "It was not my fault."

"I do not blame you, my dearest."

"I have been rightly served," she said, the tears streaming down.

"I married him, pressed to it by my father, that I might share in Verner's Pride; and, before the news came out that Verner's Pride was ours, he was dead. It had lapsed to you, whom I rejected! Lionel, I never supposed that you would cast another thought to me; but many a time have I felt that I should like to kneel and ask your forgiveness."

He bent his head, fondly kissing her.

"We will forget it together, Sibylla."

A sudden thought appeared to strike her, called forth, no doubt, by this new state of things, and her face turned crimson as she looked at Lionel.

"Ought I to remain here now?"

"You cannot well do anything else, as it is so late," he answered.

"Allow Verner's Pride to afford you an asylum for the present, until you can make arrangements to remove to some temporary home. Mrs. Tynn will make you comfortable. I shall be, during the time, my mother's guest."

"What is the time now?" asked Sibylla.

"Nearly ten. And, I dare say you are tired. I will not be selfish enough to keep you up," he added, preparing to depart. "Good-night, my dearest."

She burst into fresh tears and clung to his hand.

"I shall be thinking it must be a dream as soon as you leave me. You will be sure to come back and see me to-morrow?"

"Come back—aye!" he said with a smile; "Verner's Pride never contained the magnet for me that it contains now."

He gave a few brief orders to Mrs. Tynn and to his own servant, and quitted the house. Neither afraid of ghosts or thieves, he took the field way, the road which led by the willow-pond. It was a fine cold night, his mind was unsettled, his blood heated, and the lonely route appeared to be preferable to the one through the village.

As he passed the willow pond with a quick step, he caught a glimpse of some figure bending over it as if it were looking for something in the water, or else about to take a leap in. Remembering the fate of Rachel, and not wishing to have a second catastrophe of the same nature happen on his estate, Lionel strode towards the figure and caught it by the arm. The head was flung upwards at the touch, and Lionel recognised Robin Frost.

"Robin! what do you do here?" he questioned, his tone somewhat severe in spite of its kindness.

"No harm," answered the man. "There be times, Mr. Lionel, when I am forced to come. If I am in my bed, and the thought comes over me that I may see her if I only stay long enough upon the brink of this here water, which was her ending, I'm obliged to get up and come here. There be nights, sir, when I have stood here from sunset to sunrise."

"But you never have seen her, Robin?" returned Lionel, humoring his grief.

"No, never. But it's no reason why I never may. Folks say there be some of the dead that comes again, sir—not all."

"And if you did see her, what end would it answer?"

"She'd tell me who the wicked one was that put her into it," returned Robin, in a low whisper; and there was something so wild in the man's tone as to make Lionel doubt his perfect sanity. "Many a time do I hear her voice scolding to me. It comes at all hours abroad and at home; in the full sunshine, and in the dark night. 'Robin!' it says, 'Robin!' But it never says nothing more."

Lionel laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and drew him with him.

"I am going your way, Robin; let us walk together."

Robin made no resistance; he went along with his head down.

"I heard a word said to-night, sir, as Miss Sibylla had come back," he resumed, more calmly. "Mrs. Massingbird, that is. Somebody said they saw her at the station. Have you seen her, sir?"

"Yes; I have," replied Lionel.

"Does she say anything about John Massingbird?" continued the man, with feverish eagerness. "Is he dead? or is he alive?"

"He is dead, Robin. There has never been a doubt upon the point since the news first came. He died by violence."

"Then he got his deserts," returned Robin, lifting his hand in the air, as he had done once before upon the same subject. "And Luke Roy, sir—is he coming? I'm a-waiting for him."

"Of Luke, Mrs. Massingbird knows nothing. For myself, I think he is sure to come, sooner or later."

"Heaven send him!" aspirated Robin.

Lionel saw the man turn to his home, and very soon afterwards he was at his mother's. Lady Verner had retired for the night. Decima and Lucy were about retiring. They had risen from their seats, and Decima—who was too cautious to trust it to servants—was taking the fire off the grate. They looked inexpressibly surprised at the entrance of Lionel.

"I have come on a visit, Decima," began he, speaking in a gay tone. "Can you take me in?"

She did not understand him, and Lionel saw by the questioning expression of her face that Lady Verner had not made public the contents of his note to her—he saw they were ignorant of the return of Sibylla. The fact that they were so seemed to rush over his spirit like refreshing dew. Why it should do so he did not seek to analyse; he was all too self-conscious that he dared not.

"A friend has come unexpectedly on a visit, and taken possession of Verner's Pride," he pursued. "I have lent it for a time."



"Lent it all?" exclaimed the wondering Decima.  
 "Lent it all. You will make room for me, won't you?"  
 "To be sure," said Decima, puzzled more than she could express.  
 "But—was there no room left for you?"  
 "No," answered Lionel.

"What very unbecomable people they must be, to invade you in such numbers as that! You can have your old chamber, Lionel. But I will just go and speak to Catherine."

She hastened from the room. Lionel stood before the fire, positively turning his back upon Lucy Tempest. Was his conscience already smiting him? Lucy, who had stood by the table, her bed candle in her hand, stepped forward and held out the other hand to Lionel.

"May I wish you good night?" she said.  
 "Good-night," he answered, shaking her hand. "How is your cold?"

"Oh, it is so much better!" she replied, with animation. "All the threatened soreness of the chest is gone. I shall be well by to-morrow. Lady Verner said I ought to have gone to bed early, but I felt too well. I knew Jan's advice would be good."

She left him, and Lionel leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, his brow contracting as does that of one in unpleasant thought. Was he recalling the mode in which he had taken leave of Lucy later in the day?

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—NEWS FOR LADY VERNER, AND FOR LUCY.

If he did not recall it then, he recalled it later; when he was upon his bed, turning and tossing from side to side. His conscience was smiting him, smiting him from more points than one. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, he had spoken words that night, in his hot passion, which might not be redeemed; and now that the leisure for reflection was come, he could not conceal from himself that he had been too hasty. Lionel Verner was one who possessed excessive conscientiousness; even as a boy, had impetuosity led him into a fault—as it often did—his silent, inward repentance would be always keenly real, more so than the case deserved. It was so now. He loved Sibylla; there had been no mistake there; but it is certain that the unexpected delight of meeting her, her presence palpably before him in all its beauty, her manifested sorrow and grief, her lonely, unprotected position, all had worked their effect upon his heart and mind, had imparted to his love a false intensity. Moreover the agitation of the moment may have caused him to fancy it, he did not love Sibylla as he had loved her of old, else why should the image of Lucy Tempest present itself to him surrounded by a halo of regret? The point is as unpleasant for us to touch upon as it was to Lionel to think of; but the fact was all too palpable, and cannot be suppressed. He did love Sibylla; nevertheless there obtruded the unwelcome reflection that, in asking her to be his wife, he had been hasty; that it had been better had he taken time for consideration. He almost doubted whether Lucy would not have been more acceptable to him: not loved yet so much as Sibylla, but better suited to him in all other ways; worse than this, he doubted whether he had not in honor bound himself tacitly to Lucy that very day.

The fit of repentance was upon him, and he tossed and turned from side to side upon his uneasy bed. But toss and turn as he would, he could not undo his night's work. There remained nothing for him but to carry it out, and make the best of it; and he strove to deceive his conscience with the hope that Lucy Tempest, in her girlish innocence, had not understood his hinted allusions to her becoming his wife; that she had looked upon his snatched caresses as but trifling pastime, such as he might offer to a child. Most unjustifiable he now felt those hints, those acts to have been, and his brow grew red with shame at their recollection. One thing he did hope, he hoped sincerely—that Lucy did not care for him. That she liked him very much, and had been on most confidential terms with him, he knew; but he did hope her liking went no deeper. Strange sophistry! how it will deceive the human heart! how prone we are to admit it! Lionel was honest enough in his hope now; but not many hours before he had been hugging his heart with the delusion that Lucy did love him.

Towards morning he dropped into an uneasy sleep. He awoke later than his usual hour from a dream of Frederick Massingbird. Dreams play us strange fantasies. Lionel had taken him to that past evening, prior to Frederick Massingbird's marriage, when he had sought him in his chamber, to offer a word of warning against the union. He seemed to be living the interview over again, and the first words when he awoke, rushing over his brain with minute and unpleasant reality, were those he had himself spoken in reference to Sibylla: "Were she free as air this moment, were she to come to my feet, and say 'Let me be your wife,' I should tell her that the whole world was before her to choose from, save myself. She can never again be anything to me."

Brave words, fully believed in when they were spoken; but what did Lionel think of them now?

He went down to breakfast. He was rather late, and found they had assembled. Lady Verner, who had just heard for the first time of Lionel's presence in the house, made no secret now of Lionel's note to her. Therefore Decima and Lucy knew that the "invasion" of Verner's Pride had been caused by Mrs. Massingbird.

She—Lady Verner—scarcely gave herself time to greet Lionel before she commenced upon it. She did not conceal, or seek to conceal, her sentiments—either of Sibylla herself, or of the step she had taken. And Lionel had the pleasure of hearing his intended bride alluded to in a manner that was not altogether complimentary.

He could not stop it. He could not take upon himself the defence of Sibylla, and say, "Do you know that you are speaking of my future wife?" No, for Lucy Tempest was there. Not in her presence had he the courage to bring home to himself his own dishonor; to avow that, after wooing her (it was very like it), he had turned round and asked another to marry him. The morning sun shone into the room upon the snowy cloth, upon the silver breakfast service, upon the exquisite cups of painted porcelain, upon those seated round the table. Decima sat opposite to Lady Verner, Lionel and Lucy were face to face on either side. The walls exhibited a few choice paintings; the room and its appurtenances were in excellent taste. Lady Verner liked things that pleased the eye. That silver service had been a recent present of Lionel's, who had delighted in showering elegancies and comforts upon his mother since his accession.

"What could have induced her ever to think of taking up her residence at Verner's Pride on her return?" reiterated Lady Verner to Lionel.

"She believed she was coming to her aunt. It was only at the station here that she learnt Mrs. Verner was dead."

"She did learn it there?"

"Yes. She learnt it there."

"And she could come to Verner's Pride after that, knowing that you, and you alone, were its master?"

Lionel toyed with his coffee-cup. He wished his mother would spare her remarks.

"She was so fatigued, so low-spirited, that I believed she was scarcely conscious where she drove," he returned. "I am certain that the idea of there being any impropriety in it never once crossed her mind."

Lady Verner drew her shawl around her with a peevish movement. If ever action expressed scorn that one did—scorn of Sibylla, scorn of her conduct, scorn of Lionel's credulity in believing in

her. Lionel read it all. Happening to glance across the table, he caught the eyes of Lucy Tempest fixed upon him with an open expression of wonder. Wonder at what? At his believing in Sibylla? It might be. With all Lucy's straightforward plainness, she would have been one of the last to storm Lionel's abode, and take refuge in it. A retort, defending Sibylla, had been upon Lionel's tongue, but that gaze stopped it.

"How long does she purpose honoring Verner's Pride with her presence, and keeping you out of it?" resumed Lady Verner.

"I do not know what her present plans may be," he answered, his cheek burning at the thought of the avowal he had to make—that her future plans would be contingent upon his. Not the least painful of the results which Lionel's haste had brought in its train was the knowledge of the shock it would prove to his mother, whom he so loved and revered. Why had he not thought of it at the time?

Breakfast over, Lionel went out, a very coward. A coward, in so far as that he had shrunk from making yet the confession. He was aware that it ought to be done. The presence of Decima and Lucy Tempest had been his mental excuse for putting off the unwelcome task.

But a better frame of mind came over him ere he had gone many paces from the door; better, at any rate, as regarded the cowardice.

"A Verner never shrunk yet from his duty," was his comment, as he bent his steps back again. "Am I turning renegade?"

He went straight up to Lady Verner, and asked her, in a low tone, to grant him a minute's private interview. They had breakfasted in the room which made the ante-room to the drawing-room; it was their usual morning room. Lady Verner answered her son by stepping into the drawing-room.

He followed her and closed the door. The fire was but just lighted, scarcely giving out any heat. She slightly shivered, and requested him to stir it. He did so mechanically, wholly absorbed by the revelation he had to impart. He remembered how she had once fainted at nearly the same revelation.

"Mother, I have a communication to make to you," he began with desperate energy. "And I don't know how to do it. It will pain you greatly. Nothing that I can think of or imagine would cause you so much pain."

Lady Verner seated herself in her low violet-velvet chair, and looked composedly at Lionel. She did not dread the communication very much. He was secure in Verner's Pride; what could there be that she need fear? She no more cast a glance to the possibility of his marrying the widow of Frederick Massingbird than she would have done to his marrying that gentleman's wife. Buried in this semi-security, the shock must be all the greater.

"I am about to marry," said Lionel, plunging into the news headlong. "And I fear that you will not approve my choice. Nay, I know that you will not."

A foreshadowing of the truth came across her then. She grew deadly pale, and put up her hands as if to ward off the blow. "Oh, Lionel! don't say it! don't say it!" she implored. "I never can receive her."

"Yes you will, mother," he whispered, his own face pale too, and his tone one of painful entreaty. "You will receive her for my sake."

"Is it—she?"

The aversion with which the name was avoided was unmistakable. Lionel only nodded a grave affirmative.

"Have you engaged yourself to her?"

"I have. Last night."

"Were you mad?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Stay, mother. When you were speaking against Sibylla at breakfast, I refrained from interference, for you did not then know that defence of her was my duty. Will you forgive me for reminding you that I cannot permit it to be continued, even by you?"

"But, do you forget that it is not a respectable alliance for you?" returned Lady Verner. "No, not a respectable—"

"I cannot listen to this; I pray you cease!" he broke forth, a blaze of anger darkening his face. "Have you forgotten of whom you are speaking, mother? Not respectable!"

"I say that it is not a respectable alliance for you—Lionel Verner," she persisted. "An obscure surgeon's daughter, he of not too good repute, who has been out to the end of the world, and found her way back alone, a widow, is not a desirable alliance for a Verner. It would not be desirable for Jan; it is terrible for you?"

"We shall not agree upon this," said Lionel, preparing to take his departure. "I have told you, mother, and I have no more to say. Except to urge—if I may do so—that you will learn to speak of Sibylla with courtesy, remembering that she will shortly be my wife."

Lady Verner caught his hand as he was retreating.

"Lionel, my son, tell me how you came to do it," she wailed. "You cannot love her! the wife, the widow of another man! It must have been the work of a moment of folly. Perhaps she drew you into it!"

The suggestion, the "work of a moment of folly," was so very close a representation of what it had been, of what Lionel was beginning to see it to have been now, that the rest of the speech was lost to him in the echo of that sentence. Somehow, he did not care to refute it.

"She will be my wife, respected and honored," was all he answered, as he quitted the room.

Lady Verner followed him. He went straight out, and she saw him walk hastily across the courtyard, putting on his hat as he traversed it. She wrung her hands and broke into a storm of wailing despair, ignoring the presence of Decima and Lucy Tempest.

"I had far rather that she had stabbed him!"

The words excited their amazement. They turned to Lady Verner, and were struck with the marks of agitation on her countenance.

"Mamma, what are you speaking of?" asked Decima.

Lady Verner pointed to Lionel, who was then passing through the front gates.

"I speak of him!" she answered, "my darling; my pride; my much-loved son. That woman has worked his ruin."

Decima verily thought her mother must be wandering in her intellect. Lucy could only gaze at Lady Verner in consternation.

"What woman?" repeated Decima.

"She! She who has been Lionel's bane. She who came and thrust herself into his home last night in her unseemly conduct. What passed between them, Heaven knows; but she has contrived to cajole him out of a promise to marry her."

Decima's pale cheek turned to a burning red. She was afraid to ask questions.

"Oh, mamma, it cannot be!" was all she uttered.

"It is, Decima. I told Lionel that he could not love her, who had been the wife of another man; and he did not refute it. I told him she must have drawn him into it, and that he left unanswered. He replied that she would be his wife, and must be honored as such. Drawn in to marry her! one who is so utterly unworthy of him! whom he does not even love! Oh, Lionel, my son, my son!"

In their own grievous sorrow they noticed not the face of Lucy Tempest, or what they might have read there.

Lionel went direct to the house of Dr. West. It was early, and the Miss Wests, fatigued with their night's pleasure, had risen in a scuffle, barely getting down at the breakfast hour. Jan was in the country attending on a patient, and not anticipating the advent of visitors, they had honored Master Cheese with hair on *papillotes*. Master Cheese had divided his breakfast hour between eating and

staring. The meal had been sometime over, and the young gentleman had retired, but the ladies set over the fire in unusual idleness, discussing the distasteful they had participated in. A scream from the two arose upon the entrance of Lionel, and Miss Amilly flung her pocket-handkerchief over her head.

"Never mind," said Lionel, laughing good-naturedly. "I have seen curl papers before in my life. Your sitting here quietly tells me that you do not know what has occurred."

"What has occurred?" interrupted Deborah, before he could continue. "It—it—" her voice grew suddenly timid—"is nothing bad about papa?"

"No, no. Your sister has arrived from Australia. In this place of gossip, I wonder the news has not travelled to Jan or to Cheese." They had started up, poor things, their faces flushed, their eyelashes glistening, forgetting the little episode of the mortified vanity, eager to embrace Sibylla.

"Come back from Australia!" uttered Deborah in wild astonishment. "Then where is she, that she is not here, in her own home?"

"She came to mine," replied Lionel. "She supposed Mrs. Verner to be its mistress still. I made my way here last night to ask you to come up, and found you were gone to Heartburg."

"But—she—is not remaining at it?" exclaimed Deborah, speaking with hesitation, in her doubt, the flush on her face deepening.

"I placed it at her disposal until other arrangements could be made," replied Lionel. "I am at present the guest of Lady Verner. You will go to Sibylla, will you not?"

Go to her? Ay! They tore the curl-papers out of their hair and flung on bonnets and shawls, and hastened to Verner's Pride.

"Say that I will call upon her in the course of the morning and see how she is after her journey," said Lionel.

In hurrying out they encountered Jan. Deborah stopped to say a word about his breakfast; it was really, she said, and she thought he must want it.

"I do," responded Jan. "I shall have to get an assistant, after all, Miss Deb. I find it doesn't answer to go quite without meals and sleep; and that's what I have done lately."

"So you have, Mr. Jan. I say every day to Amilly that it can't go on, for you to be walked off your legs this way. Have you heard the cheering news, Mr. Jan? Sibylla's come home. We are going to her now, at Verner's Pride."

"I have heard of it," responded Jan. "What took her to Verner's Pride?"

"We have yet to learn all that. You know, Mr. Jan, she never was given to consider a step much, before she took it."

They tripped away, and Jan, in turning from them, met his brother. Jan was one utterly incapable of finesse; if he wanted to say a thing he said it out plainly. What havoc Jan would have made, enrolled in the corps of diplomatists!

"I say, Lionel," began he, "is it true that you are going to marry Sibylla West?"

Lionel did not like the plain question, so abruptly put. He answered curtly:

"I am going to marry Sibylla Massingbird."

"The old name comes the readiest," said Jan. "How did it come about, Lionel?"

"May I ask how you derived your information, Jan?" returned Lionel, who was marvelling where Jan could have heard this.

"At Deerham Court. I have been calling in, as I passed it, to see Miss Lucy. The mother is going wild, I think. Lionel, if it is as she says, that Sibylla drew you into it against your will, don't you carry it out. I'd not. Nobody should hook me into anything."

"My mother said that, did she? Be so kind as not to repeat it, Jan. I am marrying Sibylla because I love her; I am marrying her of my own free will. If anybody—save my mother—has aught of objection to make to it, let them make it to me."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" returned Jan. "You need not be up, Lionel, it is no business of mine. I'm sure you are free to marry her for me. I'll be groomsmen, if you like."

"Lady Verner has always been prejudiced against Sibylla," observed Lionel. "You might have remembered that, Jan."

"So I did," said Jan; "though I assumed that what she said was sure to be true. You see, I have been on the wrong scent lately. I thought you were getting fond of Lucy Tempest—it has looked like it."

Lionel murmured some unintelligible answer and turned away, a hot flush dyeing his brow.

Meanwhile Sibylla was already up, but not down. Breakfast she would have carried up to her room, she told Mrs. Tynn. She stood at the window, looking forth; not so much at the extensive prospect that swept the horizon in the distance, as at the fair lands immediately around. "All his," she murmured, "and I shall be his wife at last!"

She turned languidly round at the opening of the door, expecting to see her breakfast. Instead of which, two frantic little bodies burst in and seized upon her. Sibylla shrieked.

"Don't, Deb! don't, Amilly! Are you going to hug me to death?"

Their kisses of welcome over, they went round about her, fondly surveying her from all points with their tearful eyes. She was thinner; but she was more lovely. Amilly expressed an opinion that the bloom on her delicate wax face was even brighter than of yore.

"Of course it is, at the present moment," answered Sibylla, "when you have been kissing me into a fever."

"She is not tanned a bit with her voyage, that I see," cried Deborah, with undisguised admiration. "But Sibylla's skin never did tan. Child," she added, bending towards her, and allowing her voice to become grave, "how could you think of coming to Verner's Pride? It was not right. You should have come home."

"I thought Mrs. Verner was living still."

"And if she had been?—This is Mr. Lionel's house now; not hers. You ought to have come home, my dear. You will come with us now, will you not?"

"I suppose you'll allow me to have some breakfast, first," was Sibylla's answer. Secure in her future position, she was willing to go home to them temporarily now. "Why is papa gone away, Deborah?"

"He will be coming back some time, dear," was Deborah's evasive answer, spoken soothingly. "But tell us a little about yourself, Sibylla. When poor Frederick—"

"Not this morning, Deborah," she interrupted, putting up her hand. "I will tell you all another time. It was an unlucky voyage."

"Have you realised John's money that he left? That he lost, I should rather say."

"I have realised nothing," replied Sibylla. "Nothing but ill-luck. We never got tidings of John in any way, beyond the details of his death; we never saw a particle of gold belonging to him, or could hear of it. And my husband lost his desk the day we landed—as I sent you word; and I had no money out there, and I have only a few shillings in my pocket."

This catalogue of ills nearly stunned Deborah and Amilly West. They had none too much of life's great need, gold, for themselves; and the burden of keeping Sibylla would be sensibly felt. A tolerably good table it was indispensable to maintain, on account of Jan, and that choice eater, Master Cheese; but how they had to pinch in the matter of dress, they alone knew. Sibylla also knew, and she read aright the drooping of their faces.

"Never mind, Deborah; cheer up, Amilly. It is only for a time. Ere very long I shall be leaving you again."

"Surely not for Australia!" returned Deborah, the hint startling her.

"Australia? Well, I am not sure that it will be quite so far," answered Sibylla, in a little spirit of mischief. And, in the bright prospect of the future, she forgot past and present grievances, turned her laughing blue eyes upon her sisters, and, to their great scandal, began to walk round and round the room.

(To be continued.)



**T. MASON JONES, THE IRISH ORATOR.**

THREE years ago a well known impresario in the West End of London announced that a young student from Trinity College, Dublin, would deliver a series of "Orations" on "Dean Swift and his Critics," "Curran and the Wits and Orators of the Irish Bar," "Grattan and the Orators of the Irish Parliament," and "John Milton," at Willis's Rooms, St. James's Square—then, as now, the great resort of the exclusive rank and fashion of London, and where the Almack balls are held. A good deal of curiosity was excited as to who and what the young Irishman was, who, then unknown to fame, had either so much vanity or such confidence in his own powers, as thus boldly to challenge the attention of the literary and fashionable world by announcing his intention to discourse upon some of the greatest names in English and Irish history. The experiment was a bold and dangerous one, for if not successful, it was courting failure on such a conspicuous and important arena that failure would be prompt, crushing and complete. But, to the surprise of almost every one, the experiment turned out a grand success. Fortune, as usual, favored the brave. The orations were delivered to houses crammed by the *élite* of London society, who, startled out of their usual listlessness by the passion and earnestness of the speaker, applauded him with enthusiasm. His name became noised abroad. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, whispered in the Pall Mall Clubs that a new intellectual star had arisen on the horizon—that a real orator had appeared from that green Isle so renowned for the eloquence of her sons—one upon whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of Curran, Burke and Sheil. The leading London journals were unanimous in their verdict in favor of the new comer, and extravagant in their laudations of his remarkable gifts; indeed, we cannot remember any instance of such prompt and generous recognition as he received from the whole English press. The rush to hear him became tremendous. Reverend bishops, famous preachers, actors, literary men, artists, senators, cabinet ministers, dukes and duchesses, all nightly crowded to hear and see the speaker who gave such unmistakable evidence that he was not only a scholar and a thinker, but an orator and a man of genius, and who for more than 40 nights had held audiences such as no lecturer had ever before addressed in London entranced by his impassioned eloquence on the great men and great events of the past. The impresario was Mr. John Mitchell, proprietor of the Royal Library, in Bond street; the student, whose portrait we give above, was the now famous lecturer—Mr. Mason Jones.

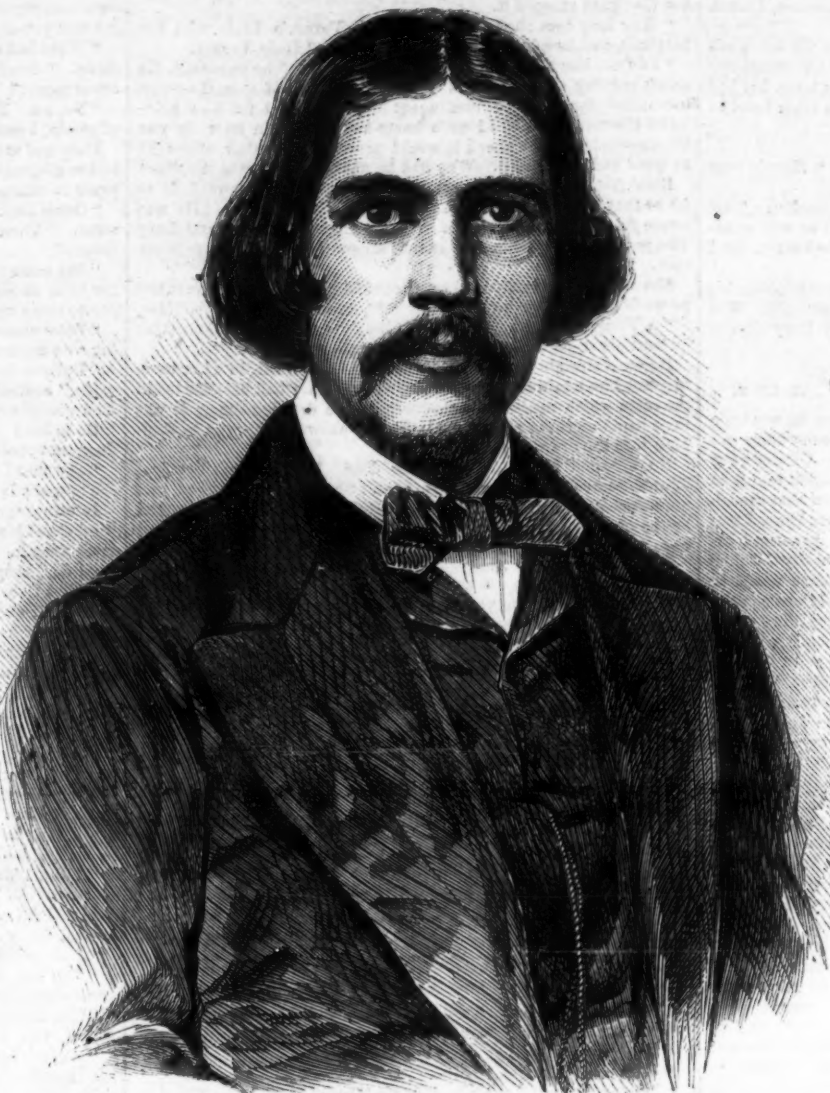
After he had thus taken London by storm, Mr. Jones added to his repertoire, and still further increased his reputation by orations on Burke, Sheridan, Byron, Shelley, Thomas Moore, Wesley, Macaulay, the Ballad Poetry of Ireland, etc., all of which were received with equal favor as his first series.

When Garibaldi went to Sicily, in July, 1860, on that memorable campaign which ended in the expulsion of the Bourbons from Naples, Mr. Jones, who is an intense well-wisher to the cause of Italian unity, was with the patriot hero from Reggio to Naples, witnessed the battle of the Volturno, was present at the siege and capture of Capua, and having enjoyed Garibaldi's friendship and confidence, on his return to England again attracted immense crowds in London and all the chief English cities, to whom he told the thrilling story of Garibaldi's wonderful achievements. Recent events in Italy lend additional interest to those lectures of Mr. Jones, and we are glad to hear that our readers will have an opportunity of learning something about Garibaldi and the Italian question from one who knows so much of both.

Mr. Mason Jones visits the United States for the purpose of giving his lectures in our chief towns, and with the intention of making himself acquainted with the events of the rebellion here; and when we tell the American public that he has been the firm and unthanked advocate of the Union Government of this country in England, we insure for him an enthusiastic welcome.

**FORAGING IN THE SOUTH.**

We are indebted to Dr. Craven, brigade-surgeon of Gen. Wright's staff, for the very graphic sketch we publish of the Union



MR. T. MASON JONES, THE CELEBRATED LECTURER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEADY.

troops foraging near Warsaw Sound, Georgia. An officer assures us that nobody knows how relishing a dinner tastes till he has earned it; but it is still more delicious when it has been earned at the point of the bayonet or the muzzle of the rifle.

**SKETCHES IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.**

In the absence of those more exciting but fearful sketches which have made this war such a terrible spectacle to mankind, and which also unhappily prove that the Anglo-American is the great fighting race of the world, we give a few pictures which have been hitherto delayed. They are, however, all of interest, as illustrating the minor features of war. They need little or no description, speaking, as it were, for themselves. The sutler's store at Harper's Ferry represents one of those apparently inevitable evils which attend even the best arranged armies. The shameless negligence and delay of the Government in settling with the troops has rendered the sutlers a necessary evil, which a more regular course would have long ago obviated. As a study of human life, a sutler's

store is full of the most sorrowful reflections and demands the most earnest care of the superior officers. A little pure stimulant, when administered with the rations, is capable of warding off many ills which flesh is heir to, more especially when under the prostration of fatigue or privation. The sketch of the dinner hour is of a more pleasing nature, and has about it some of that *al fresco* abandon which makes a picnic so pleasant.

That splendid body of men, the Excelsior Brigade, who for their relative number of men has done more fighting than any other, started on Friday morning, Nov. 7th, in the midst of a snowstorm which extended from Richmond to Maine, on a reconnaissance of considerable importance. From Manassas they followed the line of the railroad to Bristow, four miles, where they halted for the night, bivouacking in a small patch of woods. Saturday morning they resumed their march, crossing Broad and Pebble Runs and the battlefield of Bristow, where so many of their brave comrades fell in that brief but bloody conflict of the 27th of August. About noon they reached Catlett's Station, seven miles further on, of which we give an illustration on page 157. There still lay the bleaching bones of the horses killed in Lee's raid upon Pope's baggage. A short tramp took them to Weaversville—a "ville" of seven families, who behaved very civilly. From a dashing dandy of 19 they learnt that the rebel cavalry scouts had disappeared the previous day. They found Warrenton Junction, three miles further from Catlett's, deserted. The railroad was in good condition, though upon each side of it for several miles are strewn the debris of the cars burnt by Pope's orders, to prevent them falling into the hands of the rebels.

The little sketch of the Lancers guarding the roads the day after the battle of Antietam was taken on a spot about two miles from the bridge Burnside took from the rebels at the point of the bayonet, and which we illustrated in No. 367.

**SKETCHES IN BEAUFORT, S. C.**

THE melancholy death of that fine soldier and true patriot, Gen. Mitchel, has given renewed interest to Beaufort, and we consequently engrave some sketches of that once happy but still beautiful city. The Baptist Church is a more imposing edifice than the Episcopal, but it lacks that fine old church look which gives to some of the Southern places of worship so great a charm. Upon the occupation by our troops of the city the minister fled to Charleston, and the church has been closed since.

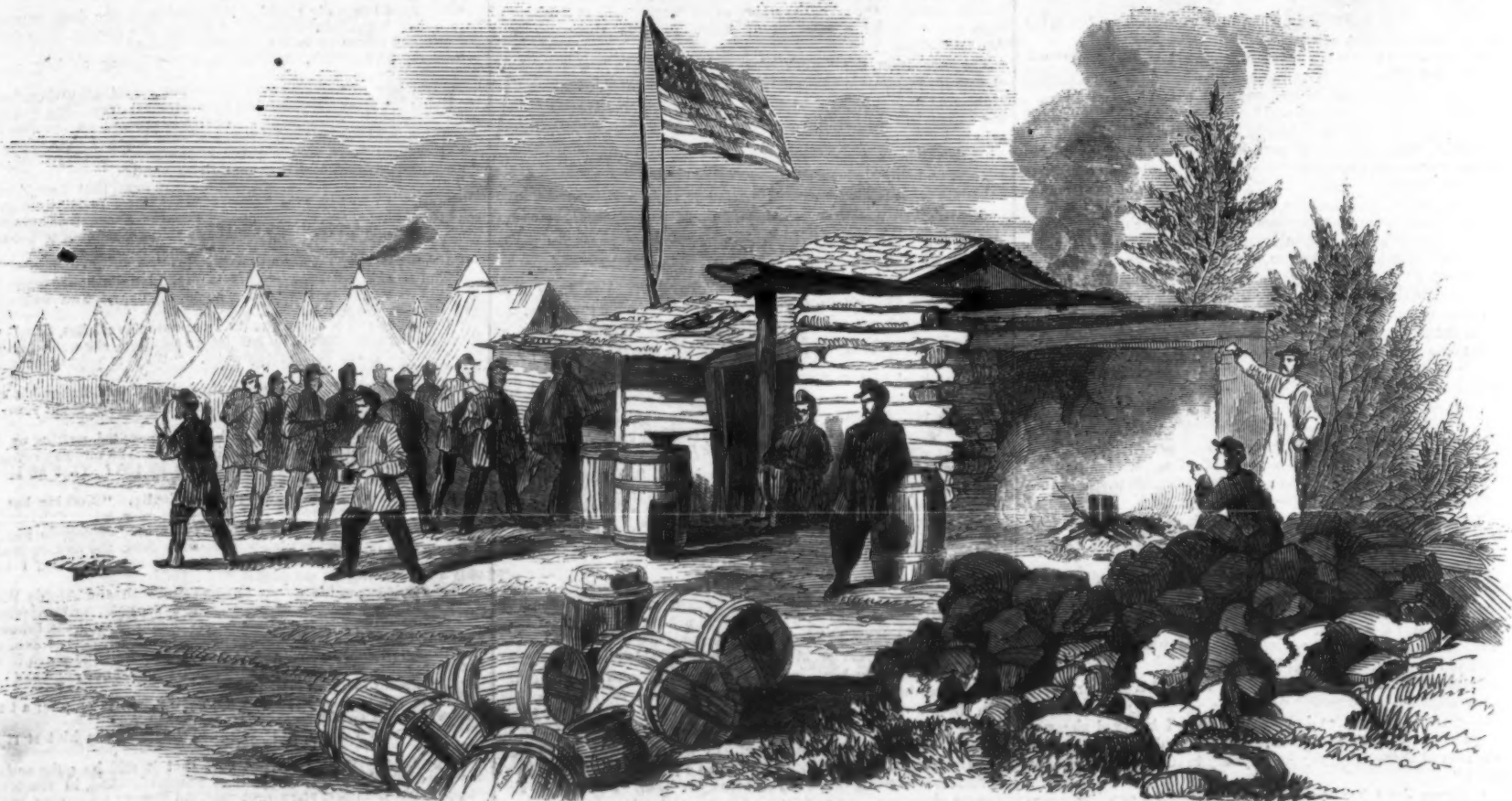
The Episcopal Church is open every Sunday for divine worship, and here Dr. Strickland performed the funeral ceremonies over Gen. Mitchel's body, which is buried in the ground to the rear of the church. There is in the burial-ground a very old tomb, which our Artist has sketched, but he was unable to decipher the name of the person whose remains it covered.

The post office is also open, and here on every arrival from the North may be seen crowds of homesick and loving soldiers coming for news of all they hold dear. The public library is also open, but the collection of books is very poor. The jail is also open for the receipt of offenders. So is the market, where everything can be had at high prices. When our soldiers entered the arsenal they were not surprised to find the rebels had left nothing except a few old defective muskets. Mr. Barnwell's house is now occupied by some officers as quarters. Little, however, of its once handsome furniture remains, most of it having been destroyed in the two days' saturnalia which, like an interregnum, divided the slave and free régimes.

At the last date Beaufort was suffering from a visitation of yellow fever, but the cold weather would soon stop its ravages.

**TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT HECKER'S BAKERY.**

We have again to illustrate another of those murderous events which are as clearly traceable to the cupidity of man as though the life had been taken by a highwayman. As, however, an inquest is now examining the case, we shall merely relate briefly the facts. On Monday evening, as Mr. Seabrook, his wife and two children were sitting round the supper-table in their house, near



DINNER TIME AT THE CAMP OF THE 22D REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—UNION TROOPS FORAGING NEAR WARSAW SOUND.—FROM A SKETCH BY DR. CRAVEN, BRIGADE SURGEON OF GEN. WRIGHT'S STAFF.

Rutger and Monroe streets, the newly-built wall of Hecker's bakery, which threw its shadow over their house, gave way with a tremendous crash, and nearly buried Mr. Seabrook's house, which was a wooden frame one, in its ruins.

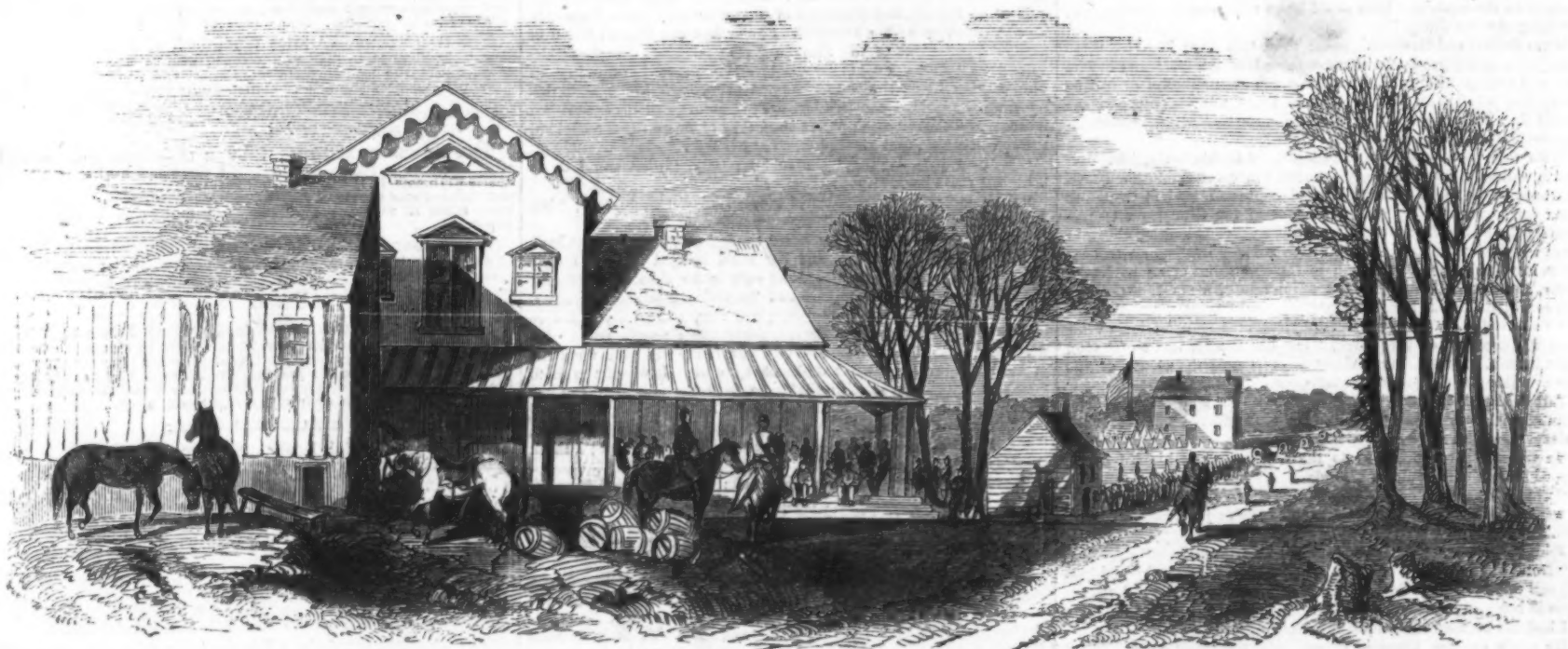
Mr. Seabrook had an infant of about six months of age on his knee, while the mother caught her little girl of about four years old. When Mrs. Seabrook found the walls giving way, she called out to their eldest child, a boy of ten years, and who was in bed in an upper room, to make his escape. Strange to say, the little fellow opened the window, and sprang out, escaping without a scratch. When the unhappy inmates, thus as it were buried alive, were rescued through the noble exertions of the firemen, who dug unceasingly till they got to them, it was found that the infant was dead, and both Mr. and Mrs. Seabrook had their legs broken, with other injuries of a very serious nature. The little girl was quite uninjured. The accident is entirely attributable to Messrs. Hecker erecting heavy ovens on the upper storey of their building before the walls were sufficiently hard to bear the weight. It is to be hoped that the coroner's inquest will find a verdict which will punish the authors of this terrible calamity.



RUSH'S LANCERS GUARDING THE ROADS THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, TO PREVENT THE PASSAGE OF CIVILIANS. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. BURNSIDE.

#### BATAVIA.

THE Capital City of the Island of Java, according to the description of a newspaper correspondent, is a brilliant specimen of oriental splendor. The houses, which are as white as snow, are placed 100 feet back from the street, literally alive with birds, and every variety of plants and flowers. Every house has a piazza in front; decorated with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps and cages, etc., while rocking chairs, lounges, etc., of the nicest description furnish luxurious accommodations for the family, who sit here morning and evening. At night the city is one blaze of light from the lamps. The hotels have grounds of eight and ten acres in extent around them, covered with fine shade trees, with fountains, flowergardens, etc. Indeed, so numerous are the trees, the city almost resembles a forest. The rooms are very high and spacious, without carpets and but few curtains. Meals are served up in about the same style as at first-class hotels in the United States, although the habits of living are quite different. At daylight, coffee and tea are taken to the guests' room, and again at eight o'clock light refreshments. At 12 breakfast is served, and at seven dinner. Coffee and tea are



CATLET'S STATION ON THE ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD, VIRGINIA, NOW HELD BY THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



always ready, day and night. No business is done in the streets in the middle of the day, on account of the heat. The nights and mornings are cool and delightful, birds are singing all night. The thermometer stands at about 82 deg. throughout the year. The island of Java contains a population of 10,000,000. The island abounds in tigers, leopards, anacondas and poisonous insects of all kinds. The finest fruits in the world are procured in great profusion.

### "OLD STARS."

[The late Gen. Mitchell was often called by his soldiers "Old Stars," in reference to his astronomical studies.]

His mighty life was burned away  
By Carolina's fiery sun;  
The pestilence that walks by day  
Smote him before his course seemed run.

The Constellations of the sky,  
The Pleiades, the Southern Cross,  
Looked sadly down to see him die,  
To see a nation weep his loss.

"Send him to us," the stars might cry—  
"You do not feel his worth below;  
Your petty great men do not try  
The measure of his mind to know."

"Send him to us. This is his place,  
Not mid your puny jealousies;  
You sacrificed him in your race  
Or envies, strifes and policies."

"His eye could pierce our vast expanse,  
His ear could hear our morning songs,  
His mind, amid our mystic dance,  
Could follow all our myriad throngs."

"Send him to us! no martyr's soul,  
No hero slain in righteous wars,  
No raptured saint could e'er control  
A holier welcome from the stars."

Take him, ye stars! take him on high  
To your vast realms of boundless space.  
But once he turned from you to try  
His name on martial scrolls to trace.

That once was when his country's call  
Said danger to her flag was nigh,  
And then her banner's stars dimmed all  
The radiant lights which gemmed the sky.

Take him, loved orbs! His country's life,  
Freedom for all—for these his wars;  
For these he welcomed bloody strife,  
And followed in the wake of Mars.

## AURORA FLOYD.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—TALBOT BULSTRODE'S ADVICE.

TALBOT BULSTRODE went out very early upon the quiet Sunday morning after Aurora's arrival, and walked down to the Telegraph Company's office at Charing Cross, whence he dispatched a message to Mr. John Mellish. It was a very brief message, only telling Mr. Mellish to come to town without delay, and that he would find Aurora in Half-Moon street. Mr. Bulstrode walked quietly homewards in the morning sunshine after having performed this duty. Even the London streets were bright and dewy in that early sunlight, for it was only a little after seven o'clock, and the fresh morning breezes came sweeping over the housetops, bringing health and purity from Shooter's Hill and Highgate, Streatham and Barnsbury, Richmond and Hampstead. The white morning mists were slowly melting from the warm grass in the Green Park; and weary creatures, who had had no better shelter than the quiet sky, were creeping away to find such wretched resting-places as they might, in that free city, in which to sit for an unreasonable time upon a doorstep, or to ask a rich citizen for the price of a loaf, is to commit an indictable offence.

Surely it was impossible for any young legislator not quite worn out by a lifelong struggle with the time which was never meant to be set right—surely it was impossible for any fresh-hearted, prosperous young Liberal to walk through those quiet streets without thinking of these things.

Talbot Bulstrode thought very earnestly and very mournfully. To what end were his labors, after all? He was fighting for a handful of Cornish miners; doing battle with the rampant spirit of circumlocution for the sake of a few benighted wretches, buried in the darkness of a black abyss of ignorance a hundred times deeper and darker than the material obscurities in which they labored. He was working his best and his hardest that these men might be taught, in some easy, unambitious manner, the simplest elements of Christian love and Christian duty. He was working for these poor far-away creatures, in their forgotten corner of the earth; and here, around and about him, was ignorance more terrible, because, hand-in-hand with ignorance of all good, there was the fatal experience of all evil.

The simple Cornish miner who uses his pickaxe in the region of his friend's skull, when he wishes to enforce an argument, does so because he knows no other species of emphasis. But in the London universities of crime, knavery and vice and violence and sin matriculate and graduate day by day; to take their degrees in the felon's dock or on the scaffold. How could he be otherwise than sorrowful, thinking of these things?

Were Sodom and Gomorrah worse than this city; in which there were yet so many good and earnest men laboring patiently day by day, and taking little rest? Was the great accumulation of evil so heavy that it rolled for ever back upon these untiring Sisypheuses? Or did they make some imperceptible advance towards the mountain-top, despite of all discouragement?

With this weary question debating itself in his brain, Mr. Bulstrode walked along Piccadilly towards the comfortable bachelor's quarters, whose most common-place attributes Lucy had turned to favor and to prettiness; but at the door of the Gloucester Coffee-house Talbot paused to stare absently at a nervous-looking chestnut mare who insisted upon going through several lively performances upon her hind legs, very much to the annoyance of an unshaven ostler, and not particularly to the advantage of a smart little dog-cart to which she was harnessed.

"You needn't pull her mouth to pieces, my man," cried a voice from the doorway of the hotel; "use her gently, and she'll soon quiet herself. Steady, my girl; steady!" added the owner of this voice, walking to the dogcart as he spoke.

Talbot had good reason to stop short, for this gentleman was Mr. John Mellish, whose pale face, and loose, disordered hair betokened a sleepless night.

He was going to spring in to the dogcart, when his old friend tapped him on the shoulder.

"This is rather a lucky accident, John; for you're the very person I want to see," said Mr. Bulstrode. "I've just telegraphed to you."

John Mellish started with a blank face.

"Don't hinder me, please," he said; "I'll talk to you by-and-bye. I'll call upon you in a day or two. I'm just off to Felden. I've only been in town an hour and a half, and should have gone down before, if I had not been afraid of knocking up the family."

He made another attempt to get into the vehicle, but Talbot caught him by the arm.

"You needn't go to Felden," he said; "your wife's much nearer."

"Eh?"

"She's at my house. Come and have some breakfast."

There was no shadow upon Talbot Bulstrode's mind as his old schoolfellow caught him by the hand, and nearly dislocated his wrist in a paroxysm of joy and gratitude. It was impossible for him to look beyond that sudden burst of sunshine upon John's face. If Mr. Mellish had been separated from his wife for ten years, and had just returned from the Antipodes for the sole purpose of seeing her again, he could scarcely have appeared more delighted at the prospect of a speedy meeting.

"Aurora here!" he said; "at your house? My dear old fellow, you can't mean it. But, of course, I ought to have known she'd come to you. She couldn't have done anything better or wiser, after having been so foolish as to doubt me."

"She came to me for advice, John. She wanted me to advise her how to act for your happiness—yours, you great Yorkshireman, and not her own."

"Bless her noble heart!" cried Mr. Mellish, huskily. "And you told her—"

"I told her nothing, my dear fellow; but I will tell you to take your lawyer down to Doctors' Commons with you to-morrow morning, get a new licence, and marry your wife for the second time, in some quiet little out-of-the-way church in the city."

Aurora had risen very early upon that peaceful Sunday morning. The few hours of feverish and fitful sleep had brought very little comfort to her. She stood with her weary head leaning against the window-frame, and looked hopelessly out into the empty London street. She looked out into the desolate beginning of a new life, the blank uncertainty of an unknown future. All the minor miseries peculiar to a toilet in a strange room were doubly miserable to her. Lucy had brought the poor luggageless traveller all the paraphernalia of the toilet-table, and had arranged everything with her own busy hands. But the most insignificant trifle that Aurora touched in her cousin's chamber brought back the memory of some costly toy chosen for her by her husband.

She had travelled in her white morning-dress, and the soft lace and muslin were none the fresher for her journey; but as two of Lucy's dresses joined together would have scarcely fitted her stately cousin, Mrs. Mellish was fain to be content with her limp muslin. What did it matter? The loving eyes which noted every shred of ribbon, every morsel of lace, every fold of her garments, were, perhaps, never to look upon her again. She twisted her hair into a careless mass at the back of her head, and had completed her toilet, when Lucy came to the door, tenderly anxious to know how she had slept.

"I will abide by Talbot's decision," she repeated to herself again and again. "If he says it is best for my dear that we should part, I will go away for ever. I will ask my father to take me far away, and my poor darling shall not even know where I have gone. I will be true in what I do, and will do it thoroughly."

She looked to Talbot Bulstrode as a wise judge, to whose sentence she would be willing to submit. Perhaps she did this because her own heart kept for ever repeating, "Go back to the man who loves you. Go back! go back! There is no wrong you can do him so bitter as to desert him. There is no unhappiness you can bring upon him equal to the unhappiness of losing you. Let me be your guide. Go back! go back!"

But this selfish monitor must not be listened to. How bitterly this poor girl, so old in experience of sorrow, remembered the selfish sin of her mad marriage! She had refused to sacrifice a schoolgirl's foolish delusion; she had disobeyed the father who had given her seventeen years of patient love and devotion; and she looked at all the misery of her youth as the fatal growth of this evil seed, so rebelliously sown.

Surely such a lesson was not to be altogether unheeded! Surely it was powerful enough to teach her the duty of sacrifice! It was this thought that steeled her against the pleadings of her own affection; it was for this that she looked to Talbot Bulstrode as the arbiter of her future. Had she been a Roman Catholic, she would have gone to her confessor and appealed to a priest—who, having no social ties of his own, must, of course, be the best judge of all the duties involved in domestic relations—for comfort and succor; but being of another faith, she went to the man whom she most respected, and who, being a husband himself, might, as she thought, be able to comprehend the duty that was due to her husband.

She went downstairs with Lucy into a little room upon the drawing-room floor; a snug apartment, opening into a mite of a conservatory. It was Mr. and Mrs. Bulstrode's habit to breakfast in this cozy little chamber, rather than in that awful temple of slippery morocco, funereal bronze and ghastly mahogany, which upholsterers insist upon as the only legitimate place in which an Englishman may take his meals. Lucy loved to sit opposite her husband at the small round table, and minister to his morning appetite from her pretty breakfast equipage of silver and china. She knew—to the smallest weight employed at Apothecaries' Hall, I think—how much sugar Mr. Bulstrode liked in his tea. She poured the cream into his cup as carefully as if she had been making up a prescription. He took the simple beverage in a great shallow breakfast-cup of fragile turquoise Sevres that had cost seven guineas, and had been made for Madame du Barry, the rococo merchant had told Talbot. (Had his customer been a lady, I fear Marie Antoinette would have been described as the original possessor of the porcelain.) Mrs. Bulstrode loved to minister to her husband. She picked the bloated livers of martyred geese out of the Strasburg pies for his delectation; she spread the butter upon his dry toast; and pampered and waited on him, serving him as only such women serve their idols. But this morning she had her cousin's sorrows to comfort, and she established Aurora in a spacious eights-covered easy chair on the threshold of the conservatory, and seated herself at her feet.

"My poor pale darling," she said tenderly, "what can I do to bring the roses back to your cheeks?"

"Love me and pity me, dear," Aurora answered, gravely; "but don't ask me any questions."

The two women sat thus for some time, Aurora's handsome head bent over Lucy's fair face, and her hand clasped in both Lucy's hands. They talked very little, and only spoke then of indifferent matters, or of Lucy's happiness and Talbot's parliamentary career. The little clock over the chimney-piece struck the quarter before eight; they were very early, these unfashionable people, and a minute afterwards Mrs. Bulstrode heard her husband's step upon the stairs, returning from his ante-breakfast walk. It was his habit to take a constitutional stroll in the Green Park now and then, so Lucy had thought nothing of this early excursion.

"Talbot has let himself in with his latchkey," said Mrs. Bulstrode; "and I may pour out the tea, Aurora. But listen, dear; I think there's some one with him."

There was no need to bid Aurora listen; she had started from her low seat, and stood erect and motionless, breathing in a quick, agitated manner, and looking towards the door. Besides Talbot Bulstrode's step there was another, quicker and heavier—a step she knew so well.

The door was opened and Talbot entered the room, followed by a visitor, who pushed aside his host with very little attention to the laws of civilized society, and, indeed, nearly drove Mr. Bulstrode backwards into a gilded basket of flowers. But this stalwart John Mellish had no intention of being unmannerly or brutal. He pushed aside his friend only as he would have pushed, or tried to push, aside

a regiment of soldiers with fixed bayonets, or a Lancaster gun, or a raging ocean, or any other impediment that had come between him and Aurora. He had her in his arms before she could even cry his name aloud, in her glad surprise; and in another moment she was sobbing on his breast.

"My darling! my pet! my own!" he cried, smoothing her dark hair with his broad hand, and blessing her and weeping over her, "my own love! How could you do this? how could you wrong me so much? My own precious darling! Had you learnt to know me no better than this in all our happy married life?"

"I came to ask Talbot's advice, John," she said, earnestly; "and I mean to abide by it, however cruel it may seem."

Mr. Bulstrode smiled gravely as he watched these two foolish people. He was very much pleased with his part in the little domestic drama, and he contemplated them with a sublime consciousness of being the author of all this happiness. For they were happy. The poet has said there are some moments—very rare, very precious, very brief—which stand by themselves, and have their perfect fullness of joy within their own fleeting span, taking nothing from the past, demanding nothing from the future. Had John and Aurora known that they were to be separated by the breadth of Europe for the remainder of their several lives, they would not the less have wept joyful tears at the pure blissfulness of this meeting.

"You asked me for my advice, Aurora," said Talbot, "and I bring it to you. Let the past die with the man who died the other night. The future is not yours to dispose of; it belongs to your husband, John Mellish."

Having delivered himself of these oracular sentences, Mr. Bulstrode seated himself at the breakfast-table, and looked into the mysterious and cavernous interior of a raised pie, with such an intent gaze, that it seemed as if he never meant to look out of it. He devoted so many minutes to this serious contemplation, that by the time he looked up again Aurora had become calm, while Mr. Mellish affected an unnatural gaiety, and exhibited no stronger sign of past emotion than a certain inflamed appearance in the region of his eyelids.

But this stalwart, devoted, impressionable Yorkshireman ate a most extraordinary repast in honor of this reunion. He spread mustard on his muffins; he poured Worcestershire sauce into his coffee and cream over his devilled cutlets; he showed his gratitude to Lucy by loading her plate with comestibles she didn't want; he talked perpetually, and devoured incongruous viands in utter absence of mind; he shook hands with Talbot so many times across the breakfast table, that he exposed the lives or limbs of the whole party to imminent peril from the boiling water in the urn; he threw himself into a paroxysm of coughing, and made himself scarlet in the face, by an injudicious use of cayenne-pepper; and he exhibited himself altogether in such an imbecile light that Talbot Bulstrode was compelled to have recourse to all sorts of expedients to keep the servants out of the room during the progress of that rather noisy and bewildering repast.

The Sunday papers were brought to the master of the house before breakfast was over; and while John talked, ate and gesticulated, Mr. Bulstrode hid himself behind the open leaves of the latest edition of the *Weekly Dispatch*, reading a paragraph that appeared in that journal.

This paragraph gave a brief account of the murder and the inquest at Mellish; and wound up by that rather stereotyped sentence, in which the public are informed that "the local police are giving unremitting attention to the affair, and we think we may venture to affirm that they have obtained a clue which will most probably lead to the early discovery of the guilty party."

Talbot Bulstrode, with the newspaper still before his face, sat for some little time frowning darkly at the page upon which this paragraph appeared. The horrible shadow, whose nature he would not acknowledge even to himself, once more lowered upon the horizon which had just seemed so bright and clear.

"I would give a thousand pounds," he thought, "if I could find the murderer of this man."

(To be continued.)

### WHAT THE PEOPLE AND THE PAPERS SAY.

**A DROLL EXPOSE.**—At the late Connecticut State Fair in Hartford, an enterprising individual exhibited an eight-legged sheep, four legs resting on the ground, and the other four growing out from his back, making apparently a double means of locomotion. Had this exhibition occurred in any other than Yankee land, it would have possibly passed unchallenged, but among the prying Connecticut folks one was found who pried out some stitches on the hide of this "freak of nature," and the result was that both exhibitor and sheep were turned in disgrace from the ground.

**FOLLOWING THE FASHION.**—A youngster was heaping dirt upon his baby sister's head, which the mother discovered and bailed with a harsh "What are you doing there?" "I am making a little garden for her, mamma, so that she will have one just like you under her hat," was the response.

**HOW THE BLANKET TURNED UP.**—There is an odd story told in the Washington papers of how a lady went to that city to visit her husband who was in the army. A few weeks previous she had sent him a beautiful pair of blankets, and to make them still warmer, she had worked her own name upon the margin. On the night of her arrival she stopped at a leading hotel, and while preparing for her solitary couch, and thinking of the meeting of the morrow, she turned down the covering of the bed, when lo, and behold, staring her in the face was her own name worked upon the edge of the blankets and under which she was about to sleep, but which should have been keeping warm the body and limbs of her husband. Odd wasn't it?

**THE OLD STORY.**—A Miss Woodford, of West Avon, Connecticut, undertook to joke with a young man to whom she is to be married, and who has joined the 25th Connecticut regiment, by placing a pistol to his head and telling him playfully that he might as well be killed then as in battle. A romp occurred for the possession of the pistol, during which it went off, wounding the young man badly, and just barely letting him off with life.

**THE PLACE WHERE OUR SILVER IS.**—Canada is flooded with American silver coin. The banks there not having suspended specie payments, it is only a natural result that coin should be plenty and that our coin should be drawn there. Their papers report that American silver is so plenty that everybody is anxious to turn it into paper.

**A BAD JOKE.**—A husband who was disposed to be funny, at Syracuse, a few nights ago, hid under his bed, and as his wife, who was ignorant of his whereabouts, came near, he seized her suddenly by the leg. The consequence was a shriek, a fit, and now the woman is a raving maniac.

**SERVING HER COUNTRY.**—The Hartford Times tells of a Mrs. Michael O'Neil, residing on Potter street in that city, who is a light haired, rosy woman of 22, and has been married exactly 13 years, during which time she has had just 13 children. Eight are living in health. She has had triplets once, twins four times and twice single children. Mr. O'Neil is a laboring man, 40 years of age.

At a Court-Martial, lately, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court:

"Are you a Catholic?"

"No, sir."

"Are you a Protestant?"

"No, sir."

"What are you, then?"

"Captain of the foretop."

SAMBO don't feel the Proclamation.

Like Liberty's besantant spell, some,

For, judging by the detestation

Shown in the North for Sambo's nation,

Our black friend's much more free than Welcome.

THE Charleston rebels, a few days ago, baptized what they call "the Ladies' Gunboat." They baptized it by sprinkling, but the Federal fleet, when they encounter it, will baptize it by immersion.



J. H. WINSLOW & CO.

100,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewellery, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gents' Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.,

Worth \$500,000,

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send for Circular containing full list and particulars. Send 25 cents for a Certificate. Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 205 Broadway, New York.

ONYX and PEARL EARRINGS and PINS, NEW STYLES.

For sale by GEO. C. ALLEN, No. 415 Broadway, one door below Canal St. Formerly No. 11 Wall St.

SILVER FRUIT KNIVES,

For sale by GEO. C. ALLEN, No. 415 Broadway, one door below Canal St. Formerly No. 11 Wall St.

FINE GOLD BAND BRACELETS, RICH STYLES.

For sale by GEO. C. ALLEN, No. 415 Broadway, one door below Canal St. Formerly No. 11 Wall St.

MOURNING WATCHCHAINS, NEW STYLES.

For sale by GEO. C. ALLEN, No. 415 Broadway, one door below Canal St. Formerly No. 11 Wall St.

Soldiers, 25 Sheets Paper, 25 Envelopes, Pen, Pencil and Holder, sent anywhere, postpaid, on receipt of 18 cents. Address, GEO. SNOW, Greenfield, Mass.

Read, Mark and Learn the contents of that invaluable work, "The Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical Adviser," by WM. EARL, M. D., 189 pages. Mailed everywhere in sealed envelopes, on receipt of 25 cents (stamps). Address 58 White St. 371-4

"Moustaches and Whiskers in 42 days." Hunting, Fishing and many other GREAT SECRETS, all in the BOOK OF WONDERS. 7,500 sold. 8th Ed. Price only 20 cts. 8 for \$1. Mailed free. Address C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hirsdale, N. H. 370-3

Friends of Sick and Wounded Soldiers—Have always on hand a good assortment of the WINES and BRANDIES of PAUL DE CONINCK, MOXOD and GUIBAUD, of BORDEAUX, France. All goods warranted strictly pure. They are recommended and largely used for medicinal purposes. J. MARC MARTIN, Importer, 203 Pearl-St. N. Y. 370

THE ALBION, A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, Established in 1822,

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, CRITICISM, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

PRICE \$3 PER ANNUM; 6 CENTS PER COPY. Send for Specimen Copies, with price, to the ALBION OFFICE, 16 Beekman St., N. Y.

P. S.—Single Copies of the celebrated Albion Steel Engravings, \$3; half-dozen or more, \$2 per Copy Sent, postpaid, to any address in the United States. 000

Gold! Gold!

Full instructions in Ventriquilism, and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent by mail to any person for Five Cents. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

Employment.—THE FRANKLIN SEWING MACHINE COMPANY want local and travelling Agents at a very liberal salary or commission. For Circulars, terms and Specimen Machine, address 369-80 HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

Army and Country Agents!—For liberal terms of WATCHES and JEWELLERY, address 369-75 HUBBARD BROS., 65 Nassau St., N. Y.

JUST TRIBUTE TO MERIT!

AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, JULY 11TH, 1862,

DURYEA'S MAIZENA

Was the only "preparation for food from Indian Corn" that received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners, the competition of all prominent manufacturers of "Corn Starch" and "Prepared Corn Maizena Flour" of this and other countries notwithstanding. The food and luxury of the age, without a single fault. One trial will convince the most sceptical. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blancmanges, &c., without ingredients, with few or no eggs, at a cost astonishingly the most economical. A slight addition to ordinary Wheat Flour greatly improves Bread and Cake. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For Ice Cream nothing can compare with it. A little boiled in milk will produce Rich Cream for coffee, chocolate, tea, &c. Put up in 1 pound packages, with directions. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists everywhere. Manufactured at GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND. 363-80 WHOLESALE DEPOT, 160 FULTON ST.

EIGHT CARD PICTURES

For \$1, at

K. W. BENICZKY'S

PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS, No. 2 New Chambers St., cor. of Chatham St. 600

Beauty.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, a charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips; will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for \$1. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. 000

Get the Best!

COOLEY'S CABINET PRINTING PRESS

The cheapest and best thing out. Send for Circulars, including stamp. J. G. COOLEY & CO. No. 1 Spruce St., N. Y. 00

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF.)

NO. 57 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six stories in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

TUCKER'S NEW STYLE PATENT SPRING BED,

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each.

37 Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented. 350-74

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY Ointment will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., New York.

SONNTAG & BEGG'S

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FINE VIOLINS AND STRINGS, GERMAN ACCORDEONS, GUITARS, FLUTES,

308-50 14 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY; a curious book

(third edition).—Containing plain, common-sense directions, showing how all may be suitably married, irrespective of age, sex or position, whether prepossessing or otherwise, with a treatise on the art of fascinating any person you wish—a curious, scientific experiment which never fails. Free for 25 cts. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Philadelphia, Box 2,300, Philadelphia.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of

AMERICAN PEOPLE,

And the early melancholy decline of Childhood and Youth, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes for Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion. Fall not to send two red Stamps and obtain this book. Address

DR. ANDREW STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, No. 95 Fifth St., Troy, N. Y. 37-50

The Confessions and Experience of

an Invalid.

PUBLISHED for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, Single Copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y. 370-82

ARMY SHIRTS! ARMY SHIRTS!!

AT PARRISH'S SHIRT FACTORY,

323 Canal Street, New York.

SUPERIOR DRESS SHIRTS made to order, fit guaranteed, \$21 and \$24 per dozen.

Family Supply Store for

Bosoms, Collars and Wristbands, For Shirt-making. JAS. PARRISH.

367-74

\$75 a Month!—I want to hire an Agent in every county at \$75 a month and expenses, to sell a new cheap Sewing Machine. Address, with stamp, S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine. 353-73

ALE AND PORTER FOR FAMILIES.

ROBERT ADAIR,

440 CANAL STREET, near Varick, N. Y.,

Is prepared to supply Families with

PHILADELPHIA PORTER,

PHILADELPHIA ALE,

PHILADELPHIA XXX STOUT,

Scotch and English Ales, Champagne Cider, &c., London and Dublin Porter, Mineral Waters, &c., in bottles, on the most reasonable terms, and delivered without extra charge to any part of the City. 11

Employment at Your Own Home—

Either sex—suitable for a livelihood or leisure hours in every city and town. Large profits realized. Address, with red stamp, for particulars, DOCTOR WARNER, 365-72 54 East Twelfth St., New York.

Commercial Travellers Wanted.—Large

commission; honorable business. Circular sent. A. W. HARRISON, Philadelphia. 361-73

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 202 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. Established 1848. For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps. 000

To Nervous Sufferers of both Sexes.—

A Retired Clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free), on the receipt of a postpaid directed envelope, a copy of the prescription used. Direct, the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 370-33

Still Victorious.

Bogge's Electric Hair Dye. . . . . Newly improved. Bogge's Hyperion Fluid. . . . . Forces Hair to grow. Bogge's Balm of Cytherea. . . . . Improves the Complexion. Surpass all others, cheapest, best and most reliable.

W. BOGLE,

202 Washington St., Boston.

A Superb Cackinnatory Triumph!

FRANK LESLIE'S

BUDGET OF FUN,

FOR DECEMBER,

Will be one of the finest numbers ever issued. Its large cartoons are admirably appropriate.

The humors of Taxation are ludicrously exemplified in a comparison between John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in which our patriotic Artist makes the Old Fifer get the worst of it.

Columbus and Uncle Sam are also portrayed, besides numerous illustrations showing up Election Fun in every aspect.

These criticisms are by Newman, Bellows, Howard, Leech, Tenniel and other eminent Artists.

The literature is also first-rate, consisting of a story expressly written for husbands who have the good fortune to be henpecked, and who can therefore enjoy the fun of this prize story, called

TAMING YOUR TARTAR;

OR,

How to Prevent a Woman Wearing the What d'ye Call 'ems!

There is also a verbatim report of the recent row in the City Hall, "all about a dinner"—with 16 pages of humorous anecdotes, comical remarks, laughable incidents, ludicrous sayings, funny things and absurd stories. In a word, No. 27 of FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN is a galaxy of Wit and Humor.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

FRANK LESLIE,

19 City Hall Square, New York.

SINCLAIR TOWSEY, General Agent, 121 Nassau St.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS!

Frank Leslie's Pictorial History of the War of 1861; Descriptive, Statistical and Documentary.

Edited by the Hon. E. G. SQUIER, late U. S. Minister to Central America. Price 25 cents per number.

The first volume of this magnificent work is now ready. Price \$3.50. It is a complete record of the Great Rebellion of 1861 and 1862, from the attack on Fort Sumter to the present time. It is embellished with nearly 800 splendid illustrations. The illustrations comprise every incident of interest, while the battle-scenes are masterpieces of effect and accuracy, not surpassed by Horace Vernet. During the entire time of the Rebellion, Frank Leslie has had not less than 20 Special Artists in the field, besides innumerable Volunteer Correspondents, who have furnished him with sketches of every event of interest.

This great work also contains Portraits and Biographies of the eminent men of the time—Soldiers, Patriots, Rebels and Statesmen.

Vol. 1 contains 416 Imperial folio pages, elegantly printed on fine thick paper, manufactured expressly for this work, which is universally acknowledged by the press as the greatest Historical Work of the kind ever issued.

It embraces all the Official Documents of importance, emanating North and South, with complete description of the battles, forces engaged, &c.

This work can either be had, first volume complete, in numbers, price \$6.50 cents, or in separate numbers, price 25 cents. Each number is bound in a tasteful cover, tinted, and embellished with beautiful designs, so as to be an ornament to the drawing-room table.

Heroic Incidents, Personal Adventures and Anecdotes of the Civil War in America.

A collection of the most interesting and daring deeds performed by our gallant soldiers. It is embellished with 40 striking illustrations, beautifully drawn and engraved, and is neatly bound in an Illustrated Cover, printed in colors. This is the Book for Summer travelling, the incidents being complete in themselves, and related in simple language. It is an admirable volume to send to the camp, calculated at once to amuse and rouse to patriotic action. Price 25 cents.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Zeitung, or German Illustrated Newspaper.

Published Weekly. Price 6 cents, or \$3 a year.

This admirable paper, published in the German language, is of the same size, and contains the same number of pages as FRANK LESLIE'S English Illustrated. It is filled with admirable illustrations of the great events of the day, at home and abroad, illustrated Novels, Stories, News, and other original and brilliant matter. It has a large circulation in Germany, and is universally acknowledged to be THE MOST POPULAR AND BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. It should be found in every German family, for it is entirely unexceptionable in the character of its literature, and its illustrations are of the highest order of art.

Frank Leslie's Monthly and Gazette of Fashion.

Price 25 cents, or \$3 a year.

Encouraged by the favorable reception this Monthly has met with, the Proprietor will spare no exertion to deserve and secure a still farther degree of public patronage and approbation. The great resources at his command enable him to present FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY to the reader with a variety and excellence of Literary Matter, numerous and superb illustrations and exquisitely designed Fashion Plates, so that, from the great variety and elegance of its subjects, it far surpasses every Periodical of its class in the world. Special efforts will be made in the department devoted to the Ladies. The GAZETTE OF FASHION, although incorporated with FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY, will be as ample in all its departments as usual. The superb colored Fashion Plate to be given in each number will be produced with greater cost and care. The various cuts, illustrations of the newest Designs and Fashions in Millinery, Embroidery and Needlework, will be carefully executed. FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY contains 100 Imperial octavo pages, printed on the finest paper, with numberless original Drawings, designed and engraved by our best Artists, and presents more variety, of a better quality, in a more elegant style, and at a cheaper rate, than any other publication.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY is now Electrotyped, and the back numbers can be supplied, commencing with the number for June, 1862, which number contains the exquisite Portrait, engraved on Steel, of MRS. PRESIDENT LINCOLN, the first of the series of Representative Women of America.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

One copy one year, or 12 numbers. . . . . \$2 50  
Two copies one year. . . . . 4 00  
One copy six months, or 6 numbers. . . . . 1 50  
One copy for 17 weeks. . . . . 1 00

ILLUSTRATED ZEITUNG:

One copy one year, or 52 numbers. . . . . \$3 00  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers. . . . . 1 50  
One copy for 17 weeks. . . . . 1 00

MONTHLY MAGAZINE:

One copy one year, or 12 numbers. . . . . \$3 00

BUDGET OF FUN:

One copy for one year, or 12 numbers. . . . . \$0 75

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR:

One copy one year, or 24 numbers. . . . . \$6 00

One copy six months, or 12 numbers. . . . . 3 00

One copy three months, or 6 numbers. . . . . 1 50

(These rates on Frank Leslie's Pictorial History of the War include the U. S. Postage, which must be prepaid.)

THE CHEAP CASH JEWELLERY HOUSE OF NEW YORK.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Masons and All Dealers in Jewellery,

C. P. GIBSON,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

No. 208 Broadway.

Wholesale Agents wanted in every Regiment and Town in the United States, Canada and British Provinces. The assortment comprises all kinds of SETS, VEST CHAINS, NECK CHAINS, LOCKETS, BRACELETS, RINGS, PINS, CHARMES, STUDS and BUTTONS, MASONIC, I. O. O. F., AND ALL KINDS OF EMBLEM PINS.

And everything in the Jewellery line.

Any one wishing to see samples, I will send either of the following articles, together with my Wholesale Circular, on the receipt of one dollar:

A Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or a

Nice Gold-plated Masonic Fob-Key, or a

Beautiful Set of Jewellery, or a

Fine Engraved Snap Locket, or an

Oval Engraved Bracelet, or a

California Diamond Ring or Pin, or a

Set of Engraved Solitaire Sleeve-Buttons, (Lady's or Gentleman's), or a

Set of Studs and Buttons, or a

Gentleman's Seal Stone Ring, or a

Lady's Double Heart Ring, or a

Lady's Enamelled Revolving Pin, or a

Nest Gold-plated Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a

California Diamond Cluster Pin, with

Chain attached, or an

Anchor Pin, with Chain attached, or a

Fine Gold Pen and Pencil.

All the above goods are sold at retail at from \$2 to \$3 each. Persons wishing to order anything which may not be specified on the Circular, can rely upon having their orders faithfully attended to. 360-71

SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!!!

Our Great Portfolio Prize Package still has the preference over all others. We have added an immense list of over Three Hundred New Articles, from which FIFTY TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A DAY CAN BE REALIZED. We want all who HAVE, and all who have NOT, received our old Circular, to send immediately (including stamp) for the NEW CIRCULAR—it far surpasses any thing ever offered to AGENTS, SUTLERS, SOLDIERS, FUGIARS, and those out of employment. AGENTS ALWAYS WANTED. WEBB & CO., 24 SOUTH THIRD, PHILADELPHIA.

\$1.24 Procures Atwater's \$1.

PATENT COPYING PRESS AND BOOK BY M. A. L. IT COPIES WRITING INSTANTLY AND PERFECTLY. A CAPITAL ARTICLE. THOUSANDS ALREADY SOLD. AGENTS WANTED TO SELL BY SAMPLE IN CITIES, A. C. CIRCULAR FREE. 36-75 J. H. ATWATER, Providence, R. I.

MURRAY, EDDY & CO.'S

LOTTERIES!

AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES OF

Kentucky

AND

Missouri,

draw daily, in public, under the superintendence of sworn Commissioners.

The Managers' Offices are located at Covington, Kentucky, and St. Louis, Missouri.

PRIZES VARY FROM

\$2 50 TO \$100,000!

Tickets from \$2 50 to \$20!

Circulars, giving full explanation and the Schemes to be drawn, will be sent, free of expense by addressing

MURRAY, EDDY & CO., Covington, Kentucky;

OR,

MURRAY, EDDY & CO., St. Louis, Missouri.



**Attention, Masons and Soldiers.**

I will send (as sample), on receipt of \$1, a handsome Gold Masonic Pin or Ring, or Plated Vest Chain, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or Engraved Locket, or Bracelet, or Neck Chain, or a beautiful set of Jewellery, together with my wholesale Circular.

**G. F. GIBSON,**  
Manufacturing Jeweller,  
208 Broadway, New York.

**ARMY SHIRTS! ARMY SHIRTS!!**  
AT PARRISH'S SHIRT FACTORY,  
323 CANAL STREET, N. Y.

**SUPERIOR DRESS SHIRTS.**  
Made to measure. Fit guaranteed. \$21 and \$24 per dozen.  
Family Supply Store of Bosoms, Collars and Wristbands, for Shirt-making. 366-910

**A Beautiful Microscope for 28 cts.,**  
**MAGNIFYING 500 times,** mailed on receipt of price. Five of different powers, \$2. Address **F. B. BOWEN,** Box 230, Boston, Mass.

**Magic Pocket Books,** with Elastic Band, for the New Postage Currency, made and sold at Wholesale and Retail, by **SNOW & HAFGOOD, Postmaster Office, 22 Court street, Boston.** Agents wanted. Sample sent, postpaid, for 15 cents. 372-40

**FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!**

**ALL** Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newberne, Port Royal, and all other places, should be sent, at half rates, by **HARDEN'S EXPRESS.** No. 74 Broadway. Suters charged low rates. 000

**GOOD MEN** Wanted in **ALL PARTS** of the Country, To sell **KETTEL'S** Illustrated

**History of the Great Rebellion!**

Sold only by **Canvassing Agents.** Exclusive Territory given. Vol. 1 now ready for delivery. The work is printed both in **ENGLISH** and **GERMAN**, and is the **BOOK** that **THE PEOPLE** DEMAND. For Territory and terms, apply to **374- N. C. MILLER, 25 Park Row, New York.**

**Union Prize Packages!**

**C. M. DUNN & CO'S** great Headquarters, 118 Nassau Street, N. Y., and 134 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Agents, Suters, Merchants and others, please send for Circulars of our new styles—(the largest Package House in the United States.) 3740

**1863. Calendar and Companion for the** **CURIOS** for 1863. Send 3 cent. stamp for specimen copy to **M. L. BYRN, Post Office Box 4,669, New York City.** 1863.

**Mme. Demorest, of 473 Broadway,** New York, has recently introduced a very small and efficient **SEWING MACHINE** that makes the running-stitch exactly like hand sewing. It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child cannot fail to use it with advantage. It is so diminutive that it can be carried about without inconvenience even in the pocket, and is attached to the table like a sewing-bird, and sold at only \$5. Every lady can have a Sewing Machine, and those who have one already will find this one a valuable auxiliary on account of the running-stitch.—N. Y. Independent.

Every lady, mother, milliner and dressmaker in America should have one. For particulars address **MME. DEMOREST, 473 Broadway.** Machines sent by express, and the amount collected on delivery. When the money accompanies the order the machines are sent free of Express charges anywhere within 2,000 miles. When the letter is registered the safe receipt of the money and the delivery of the machine at the point designated is guaranteed. 3740

**A Capital Book.**—"How to Write, HOW TO TALK, HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS." Cheap edition, \$1.25—nicely bound. Gift \$1.50. Sent prepaid by first post, by **374-70 FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.**

**Agents, Traders, and all who want** to improve their circumstances, should send their address to Box 362, Syracuse, N. Y. 3740

**Haskins's Army Portfolio,** which every Soldier wants. **UNION PAPER** and **ENVELOPES;** **PRIZE PACKAGES** many varieties. Best and Cheapest to be had. Send for **NEW Circular.** 3740 **G. S. HASKINS, 36 Beekman St., N. Y.**

**American Playing Cards. Buy the "UNION PLAYING CARDS."**

The suits are **Eagles, Shields, Stars and Flags—Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack.** You can play all the usual games. Four packs sent by mail on receipt of \$1. Dealers, send for Circular. Address **AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY, 14 Chambers street, N. Y.** 3730

**\$10—Johnson's Union Washing Machine**—Stands unrivalled as the cheapest, best and most reliable for Hospitals, Hotels and Families generally.—PRICE \$10.  
**J. JOHNSON & CO., 457 Broadway, N. Y.**

**\$8—Johnson's Union Clothes Wringer.** Made of galvanized iron and vulcanized India rubber. Never gets out of order. Is admitted to be the best in use, and will fit any tub or box.—PRICE \$8.  
**J. JOHNSON & CO., 457 Broadway, N. Y.**

**AGENTS WANTED.****APPLY AT ONCE.****FRANK LESLIE'S****ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS**

Canvassers and Agents are notified that the Subscription Department at this office is now making extensive arrangements for a thorough canvass of the **PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR** and the **MONTHLY MAGAZINE.** Liberal inducements are offered to local Agents. If you want a profitable Agency, send for a Circular. Address **BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, General Agent, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y.**

**Howard Association, Philadelphia**—For the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Chronic Diseases. Medical advice given gratis by the Acting Surgeon. Valuable reports on the **NEW REMEDIES** employed in the Dispensary, sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address **DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.** 3730

**HIGHLY PROBABLE.**

**CAPTAIN**—"Want to join us, eh! my brave little fellow? Guess you're several years too young for the Army, but you'll do for the Navy—you'll be grown up before old Welles wakes up!"

**Agents Wanted.—PRIZE STATIONERY** **PACKAGES, the BEST, CHEAPEST, and MOST SALEABLE.** Those now in the business, as well as others, should send for our Circular. **3090 THISTLE & CO., 128 and 130 Nassau-st., N. Y.**

**To Consumptives.**

**THE** Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe **LUNG AFFECTION**, and that dread disease, **CONSUMPTION**, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a **sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.** The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address **REV. EDWARD A. WILSON** **Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y.** 372-840

**WHEELING CHAIRS** for Invalids—1 Great Jones St.

**\$40 per Month** and expenses paid. For particulars, address (with stamp) **HARRIS BROS., Boston, Mass.** 372-840

**THE REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF AMERICA.**

Just published, for November,

**FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY**

Containing a

**FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT,**

Most exquisitely engraved on Steel, of

**MISS CHASE,**

Daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Every number of **FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY**, the most popular Magazine of the day, will in future be embellished with a splendid Full Length Portrait, beautifully engraved on Steel, of some distinguished American Lady.

Every one of these superb Illustrations is worth more than the usual subscription to the Magazine, and will, when complete, form a complete Gallery of American Intellect, Loveliness and Fashion.



**Grover & Baker's**  
**CELEBRATED**  
**Noiseless Sewing**  
**Machines.**

Acknowledged to be superior to all others,  
**495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**  
Agencies throughout the United States. 0000

**TIFFANY & CO.,**

LATE

**TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS.**

Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury.

No. 650 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HOUSE IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED &amp; CO.

**A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT**

OF

**LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S CLOAKS.****HAYT & KARE,**

No. 361 BROADWAY

**SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN OFFICE,**  
**NEW YORK CITY—37 Park Row.**  
**WASHINGTON, D. C.—F and 7th Streets.**

**MESSRS. MUNN & CO.,** Publishers of the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** and Patent Solicitors for the last seventeen years, would announce to the public that they never possessed better facilities for obtaining Letters Patent and transacting all kinds of business before the Patent Office than they now have.

During the seventeen years they have been engaged in procuring patents they have acted as Attorneys for more than **SEVENTEEN THOUSAND** patentees. Nearly one-third of all the applications for patents annually made in this country are conducted through the "Scientific American Patent Agency," and nearly all the patents secured abroad by American citizens are taken through this Office.

In making an application for a patent, all the inventor is required to do is to furnish a model with an explanation of the operation and advantages claimed. The drawings, petition, specification and other papers are prepared and presented at the Patent Office by **MUNN & CO.,** who have a large corps of engineers, draughtsmen, specification writers and copyists in constant employment. Papers prepared at short notice.

Pamphlets of instruction, announcing the amount of fees, size of model, and other information as to the best mode of obtaining patents in this and all foreign countries, are furnished free on application.

For further particulars address

**MUNN & CO.,**

Publishers of the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,**  
**374-70 No. 37 Park Row, New York.**

**AGENTS WANTED**

To sell 10 New Styles of **PRIZE** and **STATIONERY** **PACKAGES.** The Cheapest, Largest and Best in the World, containing 50 Sheets of Writing Paper and 100 useful articles. Price \$5 per 100, and upwards. Send for Circulars. **C. M. DUNN & CO., 118 Nassau St., New York.**

Wanted Agents to sell our great Army Checker-Board, Chessmen and Checkers, with rules of the game. Send for terms and sample 15 cents.  
**0000 C. M. DUNN, 118 Nassau St., N. Y.**

**Fountain's India and American-Indian** **STORE, 653 Broadway, N. Y.** SILK GOODS, FANS, NOVELTIES, ARTICLES for EUROPE and HOLIDAY PRESENTS, many of which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Wholesale and retail. 372-60

**NEARLY READY,****FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC, AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL INFORMATION.**

This is the most splendid and comprehensive work of the kind ever published, far exceeding its London prototype. It contains 64 Pages small folio, and upwards of 60 Engravings in the highest style of Art. Its Letterpress is a complete *volume* of useful and statistical knowledge, never before collected together in one publication. The Calendar is calculated for all places in the United States. Price (in a handsome Illustrated Cover, printed in Colors) 25 Cents.

**TABLE OF CONTENTS.**

**Astronomical Phenomena, &c.**  
Division of Time.  
Meteorological Notes.  
Facts about Reckoning Time.  
How to Foretell the Weather.  
The Population and Races of the World.  
The Governments of the World.  
The Armies and Navies of the World.  
The Royal Families of the World.  
Population of Chief Cities in the World.  
The United States, Historical, Statistical, &c.  
The Population of the United States.  
The Government of the United States; Executive, Congressional, &c.  
The Hierarchy of the United States.  
The Rebel Government.  
The Army and Navy of the Rebel Government.  
Courts of Law.  
Electoral History of the United States.

**Popular Vote for President, 1852, '56 and '60.**  
**Chief Officers of United States, 1774 to 1863.**  
**State Governments.**  
**Rates of Postage.**  
**Naturalization and Rights of Suffrage.**  
**Pay of Army and Navy Officers.**  
**Dictionary of Military Terms.**  
**Longest Day in every part of the World.**  
**Dimensions of large Steamers.**  
**Length of Steamship Routes.**  
**The Fastest Passages Made.**  
**Sizes of Theatres.**  
**Popular Names of States.**  
**Public Libraries.**  
**Length of Fifty-two days in the Year.**  
**Abstract of Eight Censuses—White and Slave.**  
**Military Statistics.**  
**McKay's Report of Ironclads of France and England.**  
etc., etc., etc., etc.

**ALSO,****FRANK LESLIE'S COMIC ALMANAC,**

Containing 32 Pages, full of Humorous Engravings and entertaining matter. It has also a complete Calendar, Age of the Moon, and highly entertaining Astronomical and Chronological Memoranda. This Almanac contains nearly 100 Engravings. Price 10 Cents.

**ENORMOUS PROFITS**

Made selling our Great New Union Prize Packages, totally different from all old styles. Nothing like them. Containing **FINE ARTICLES** worth \$1. for only 25 cents. **RICH JEWELLERY,** Writing Materials, **FANCY GOODS,** and many useful things wanted by all. **SPLENDID CAMP PACKAGES** for Soldiers, with lots of good things. Paper and Envelopes printed in **BEAUTIFUL COLORS.** **CAMP COM. PANIONS, &c.** We give **FREE**, to all who send for our Packages, a **SUPERB WATCH**, warranted as a **TIME-KEEPER.** Our Agents now make \$15 PER DAY EASY. Send for our **NEW Circular** free. **S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau Street, N. Y.** Largest and oldest Prize Package House in the world.

**BALLOU'S**

PATENTED

**F. Y. S.****French Yoke****SHIRTS**

WARRANTED

TO FIT.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

**Ballou Bros.,**

403 Broadway,

New York.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

**THE CONFESSIONS** and **EXPERIENCE** of a **SUFFERER.**—Published as a warning, and for the especial benefit of Young Men and those who suffer with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Premature Decay, &c., &c., by one who has cured himself by simple means, after being put to great expense and inconvenience, through the use of worthless medicines prescribed by learned Doctors. Single copies may be had of the author, **C. A. LAMBERT, Esq., Greenpoint, Long Island,** by enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope. Address **CHARLES A. LAMBERT, Esq., Greenpoint, Long Island, N. Y.** 373-40

**10,000 WATCHES**

For sale at wholesale prices. Send for a Circular.

**J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.**

**Lands.**—TO ALL WANTING FARMS, Thriving Settlement, Rich Soil, Mild Climate: see advertisement of Vineland, on page 159. 372-750



Made to Measure at \$18, \$24 and \$27 PER DOZEN.

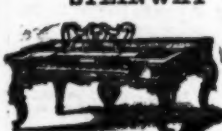
**Self-Measurement for Shirts.**

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

**FRENCH FLANNEL ARMY SHIRTS,**

\$18, \$24 and \$30 per Dozen.

**S. W. H. WARD, from London,**  
**No. 387 BROADWAY.**

**STEINWAY & SONS'**

PATENT

OVERSTRUNG

GRAND

AND SQUARE

PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured, and will be sold to suit the times. Each instrument warranted for five years. Warehouses Nos. 52 and 54 Walker St., near Broadway, N. Y. Send for Circular.